

The Grammarian



1988

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Welcome to
The Twenty-Eighth Edition
of
The Grammarian
1988



Headmaster's Message



To the students of H.G.S.:

It is a pleasure to be writing for THE GRAMMARIAN. After two months at H.G.S. many observations and comments flood into my mind. However, I must concentrate on only one at a time.

Are we really a "new school"? What happened to H.G.S. over the summer?

What is a "school" anyway? Unfortunately the OXFORD DICTIONARY defines a school as an "institution for educating children." This is such a clinical, shallow statement. It fails to make its primary definition the STUDENTS who are enrolled.

To me, H.G.S. is the students, not the building. You will create the flavour, the depth and the colour. Your involvement will generate the character of H.G.S., maintain the traditions of learning mixed with fun, and of sharing in times of joy and sorrow.

You may respond by suggesting that I'm following the old theme of "school is what you make it." Correct!

Rarely is this message more important than following a renovation project such as we have experienced. During this past summer the "gossip corners," the student bulletin boards, and other elements in the character of H.G.S. were knocked out of the school along with walls and ceilings. The contractors built new walls. Are you, the students, making a conscious effort to rebuild the character?

Some of you are already very active, but the challenge is here for everyone. Support and ideas must flow from every student. Why wait? Why don't you take a turn and lead? Make a contribution to school life today, and discuss a new idea with a few friends tomorrow. Join an activity, discuss with a friend the formation of a new club. Only with an active student body will the character of the school continue to develop. The challenge is yours and the rewards will be plentiful.

I applaud the efforts of the Student Council. THE GRAMMARIAN staff and many other groups which have been busy since September. To some of you who are presently on the sidelines, give thought to what your contribution might be. I look forward to leading and sharing with you in this great experience - life at H.G.S.

My best wishes to you all.

Robin A.L. Hinnell

Foreword

Because this foreword is due in early, we can't say what a wonderful time we had working on THE GRAMMARIAN. We have no doubts, however, that the finished product will be one of high quality.

We would like to dedicate this year's GRAMMARIAN to the teachers for their often unrecognized labours, both scholastic and extracurricular, on behalf of the students. Although, at this time, most of us are preoccupied with the new building, we still appreciate that it is the teachers who make this school what it is.

Toni Fried

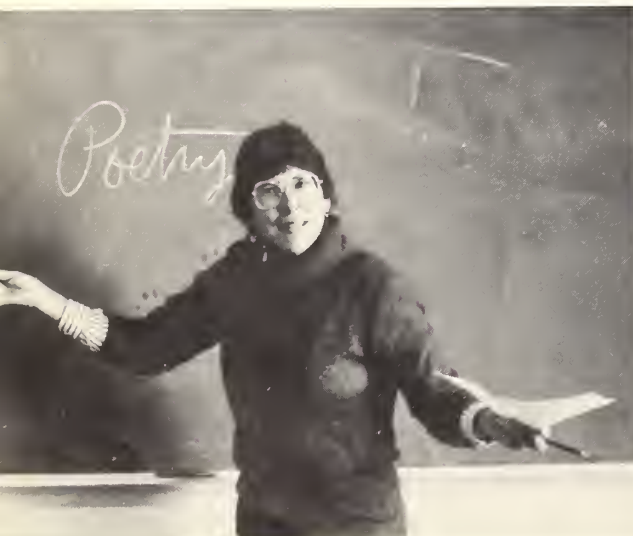
Jean Grindley

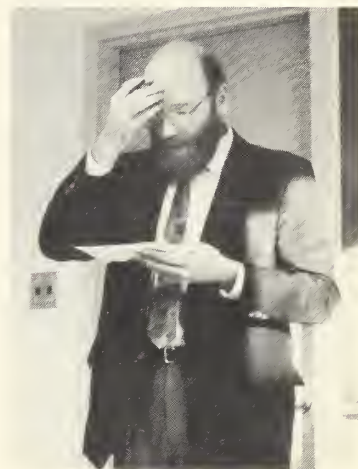
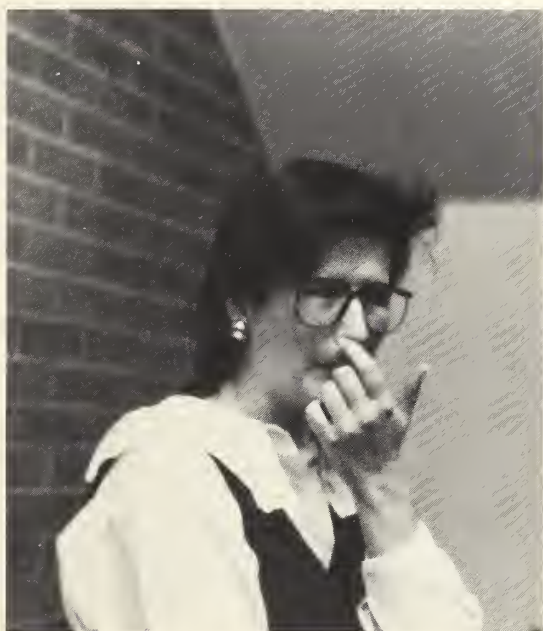
Assistant Editors



Faculty

Back Row: S. Porteous, S. Lewis, M. Cooper, K. DeGrasse, K. Silver, N. Scobbie, P. Smith, R. Marchand, V. Kemp, P. Moxon, R. Aterman, B. Waldman.
 Front Row: A. Simms, I. Chapman, N. Meinertzhagen, G. Gray, A. Smith, K. Whitehead, J. Evans, J. Henderson, R. Hinnell.
 Absent: A. Daley, S. Nowlan, A. vonMaltzahn.





Secretary



From the Secretary's desk ...

As I write this the current school year has just begun. It is a year which seems to me to be one of "new beginnings."

Our 'new' school was officially opened with proper pomp and circumstance in October; the 'new' headmaster and his family are happily settled among us; and our 'new' students have been welcomed to our family.

We can now look back with sincere gratitude to those who worked so hard to provide us with our 'new' facility, and it's up to all of us to build on their contribution. We must be sure to protect and care for our school; we must speak of how privileged we are to be part of H.G.S. When short time, or are graduating as a twelve-year 'survivor' all - students, staff, parents. Preserve it and be proud!

Marjory Gough

Assistant Secretaries



Back Row: Toni Fried, Nora Pyesmany, Maggie Arnold, Clea Kindred.
Front Row: Lesley Jackson, Laura Waters, Beth Pyesmany.
Absent: Beverly Williams.

This year, the Assistant Secretaries have had to deal with a lot of changes. We have a new Headmaster, a new building and (sometimes even more puzzling) a new phone system! But, as always, with Mrs. Gough's help and an eager staff, we do our best. Oh, excuse me, the phone's ringing ...

Maggie Arnold





Graduates

VICTOR RICHARD BIGIO

"I know you've got a lot of questions, but I don't have any answers."

-Ronald Reagan

When Victor came to the school in Prep Two, he added a youthful vitality to our atmosphere because he was younger than the rest of the class. In the years since, his cheerfulness has made him well-liked by both teachers and students. Victor has easily kept up with the demands of the academic program; outside of school he has excelled in tennis. He has made outstanding contributions to many school sports teams. He plans to study business at university, and to pursue a career in accounting or brokering. In these endeavours, all our best wishes for good luck go with him.



ERIC SHANE BLOCK

"The secret of success is showing up."

-Woody Allen

"Hi! Just call me Blockhead!" hollered a shy (cough) young man standing on a desk in the Prep Four classroom in the fall of 1979. From that time on, H.G.S. would never be the same, for it had received ... THE BLOCKER!! For those of us who know him well, or at all, the words 'Eric Block' have a connotation all their own. With his jovial grin, and obnoxiously loud but always lovable laughter resounding through the halls of H.G.S., Horky has become as much a part of the school as the building itself. Without him, who would have been here to start the Bob Newhart Fan Club, or to form the official opposition to Frank McKenna? He has also founded the Kazoo, played an active role on the basketball and debating teams, and represented the school at the Youth Commonwealth. In 1986, he became President of our Student Council, giving H.G.S. one of its most ... interesting years. Despite his current career as a professional nuisance, Eric hopes to make space for law school after graduation. It's almost impossible to envision H.G.S. without ya, dude! Best wishes and lots o' luck, Big Guy!





SHEVA CHRISTINE CARR

"There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

-HAMLET, Act II, Scene II

No one really knows Sheva except for Sheva. We hear that she's an actress and has proven her talent by gaining early acceptance into a prestigious American acting school. She is known at H.G.S. for her fiery red hair and devilish ways, which give her the name of 'Satan.' She is on our debating team, and has founded the Students' Activity Committee. We also think that she dances every day, and sings a lot. Oh yeah - she writes a lot too, and we know that when she DOES finish her history essays, they are the best. Writing, philosophy, acting - whatever you do, Satan, break a leg!



PHILIP DAVID COLLIER

"Some things are better left unsaid."

-Anonymous

This was Phil's first year in Halifax and at the Grammar School, and he adjusted himself well to both. He contributed his skills to several of the school's sports teams. Phil plans to attend a commerce program at a local university, and perhaps to hold a position on the varsity hockey team there. His long-term goal - to own a Porsche!



ALEXANDRA FULLER DAVIS

"Who said maturity comes with age?"

-Anonymous

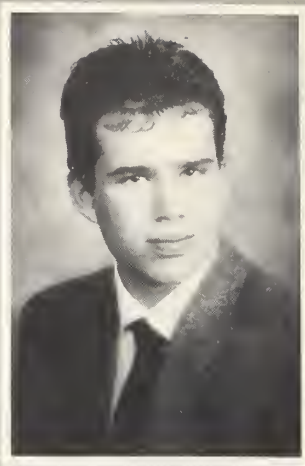
Al came to the Grammar School in Grade One, stayed just long enough to break Troy's arm, went to St. Francis for Grade Two, and returned to H.G.S. in Grade Six. Al has always been an energetic member of our class, especially athletically. She has been an active member of the Senior Girls' Basketball and Volleyball teams, and, in Upper Six, even played on the Senior Boys' Soccer team. She also swam for eleven years for the Halifax Trojans. Al is often seen wearing her moccasins and pick-up shades; going out to lunch in "Kirk", her car; drinking Diet Coke; eating salads from Sobeys; and picking up guys with crew cuts and black jeans. She has also been known to practise her cow mating calls during math classes. (By the way, who is Big Tuna, anyway?) We know that Al will be successful in whatever she chooses to do. Have fun, Al, and good luck - we'll all miss ya! Oh Al ... have you seen any chickens recently?

CHRISTOPHER TROY DOLOMONT

"Teach me to see another's woe, to hide the fault I see; that mercy I do others show, that mercy show to me."

-Alexander Pope

Troy is one of only two students completing their twelfth year at the Grammar School. That is quite an accomplishment. Troy is of the silent type and, over the years, he has almost never had the finger pointed at him for any wrongdoing. The last few years have been the most interesting, as we have watched Troy transform into a trendsetter with his amazing wardrobe and fixed hair. He is active in many intramural and school sports teams, and also has great interest in computers and in chess. Always attentive and imaginative, Troy has something valuable to add to every class, and is certainly one of the easiest people to get along with in the school. He will be remembered for his cheerful nature and sense of humour. Troy plans to attend Dalhousie University, with the intention of eventually becoming a dentist or pharmacist. Good luck, Troy!



CARMEN ELIZABETH MacINNIS

"Education is what you have left over after you have forgotten everything you have learned."

-Anonymous

Carmen came to H.G.S. in Grade Eight as a quiet little pink person. Since then, she has distinguished herself as one of the only ones in the class who even remotely understands math. She has been an active member of the volleyball and basketball teams, where she tends to argue a lot with a certain gym teacher. We've also found her sailing through the garbage in the Arm, or searching the dumpster for her tenth retainer - and it's always nice to hear her quiet voice SCREECHING through the halls. Anyway, no matter what you do in the future, Carm, good luck! We love ya!



HOLLY ANN McCURDY

"Life moves pretty fast. If you don't stop and look around once in a while ... you might miss it."

-Ferris Bueller

When Holly came to the class in Grade Eight, we had little idea that she would become the REBEL she is now. From the beginning of Grade Ten, with her miniskirts and unbelievably large feet, we could find Holly at the pool attending her Bronze Cross course, babysitting or at her recorder lesson. In Grade Eleven, she was a member of the Killer Chickens Association, which involved cruising for guys down Spring Garden Road. This year, Holly is active on both the Senior Girls' Volleyball and Basketball teams; she also takes part in a jazz class. As well, her achievements both in art and academics are worthy of note. During the summers, Holly spends most of her time in Chester, teaching sailing, waterskiing, windsurfing, and playing tennis. We're going to miss her peeling tans, pick-up lines, jovial laughter and great sense of humour! Good luck in college, Holls-balls - it's been a slice!





MATTHEW FINNBAR O'HALLORAN

"The first thing to do in life is to do with purpose what one proposes to do."
-Pablo Casals

Since coming to the school in Grade Five, Matthew has been a leader in every aspect of school life. He has been on virtually every sports team - running, soccer, volleyball, basketball, rugby. These efforts were finally recognized when he received the Senior Male Athlete Award in Grade Eleven. As well, Matthew has been on the Student Council for all six of his years in the Upper School, having held the positions of Caass Representative, Secretary, Treasurer, Vice-President and President. Perhaps most importantly, "Hedge" (as Eric calls him), or "Squeek" (as Mr. Montgomery called him) has always maintained an outstanding academic average. Matthew will succeed in whatever he does. We wish this good and loyal friend the best of luck.



MATTHEW PHILIP OLAND

"I drink alone."
-George Thorogood

Matthew has been an active contributor to every class that he has attended since coming to H.G.S., which was longer ago, we're sure, than we would care to admit. He is always willing to put in his two cents' worth on subjects ranging from a despicable rogue like Count Rumford to events of the season at Neptune Theatre. His admirable dedication to weightlifting has helped him become a school leader in sports such as basketball, rugby and soccer. After Matthew's graduation, the contributions of the entire Oland family will be greatly missed at the Grammar School. Best wishes for happiness and prosperity, Matt baby.



ROBERT PLOWMAN

"That is what education means - to be able to do what you've never done before ..."

-George Herbert Palmer

"... and never want to do again."
-Robert Plowman

Ever since Rob came to our school in Grade Eight, we have been amazed by his achievements in History and English. Rob has enlivened our class with his witty and precise arguments, and has impressed us with his ability to get the job done. He has not only made honours every year, but has also contributed significantly to the school debating team, the Student Council and the Drama Club. Rob will also be remembered for his artistic shorthand note-taking and his seventy-five-page short stories. His success, however, will not be limited to his years at the Halifax Grammar School. He is bound to do well in whatever he chooses to do in the future. At present, he is planning to study law at Dalhousie. Although Rob will not need luck to do well, we would like him to have our best wishes anyway.

MUNJU MONIQUE RAVINDRA

"Hey! Someone help me get this wall on the plane."

-Bob Dylan

Munju came to the school in Grade Three as a quiet, reserved girl. Things have changed somewhat with time. We have all experienced her chatter, rebellious, intellectual and 'silent scholar' phases. Plain little Munju left us for half a year's sabbatical to explore India and France. She, Monique, returned a slick Parisian chick. Since then, the true colours of our Titan-born friend have blossomed. Despite her innumerable music and dance classes, Munju has been at the top of the class academically - though spiritually and mentally she has been floating far above us for years. The 1987 GRAMMARIAN with Munju as co-editor was an experience in itself. Munju has enthusiastically excelled in all subject areas, making it difficult to decide what to do in the future. Her romantic, free spirit will certainly carry her far in whatever she chooses to pursue, be it dance, medicine, travel, or languages. So, Munj, Crystal Cookie, Mongoose, Mon Chi Chi ... good luck, we'll miss you; and see you back on Titan!

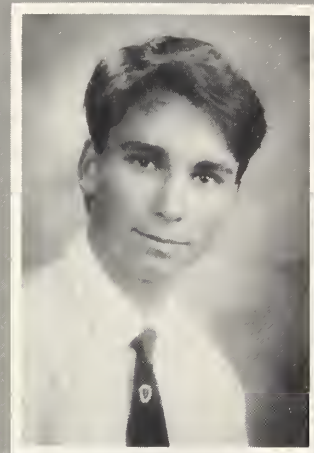


DANIEL LLEWELLYN REES

"Personally I'm always willing to be taught, but I'm not always willing to learn."

-Winston Churchill

Dan Rees - the legend, the institution. Ever since his arrival in Prep Four Dan has somehow managed to match his academic endeavours with his burning desire to raise hell, while all the time keeping a smile on his face. During his nine years at H.G.S., he has been a frequent honours student, an outstanding athlete and a sizzling comeback artist. Dan's love of cycling, sailing, partying, basketball, Mr. Waldman, the Wizard of Id, his hair, Christmas play improvs, Mount Sainte-Anne locals, and biology have made him one of the more colourful individuals in the class. Most importantly, though, Dan has gained the reputation of being a cool guy and a good friend. We wish Dan the best of luck in a business career, knowing that whatever he decides to do he will do well, and that he will have a good time doing it. Bon voyage, Dan.



MILES SHERIDAN

"It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a scientific man to pass through a door."

-Sir Arthur Eddington

Miles has come a long way since he first arrived in Grade Four and the complexity of multiplication and division made him bring up his lunch on his math books. A missing eighth chromosome, in a freakish mutation, has made Miles' math mark grow with the intricacy of the curriculum. Although Miles left us in Grade Nine for a sabbatical, he has since returned to impart his superhuman knowledge to the rest of the class. All kidding aside, Miles has given much to our class. Few people are as constantly willing to help others with school work. His achievements, however, don't stop with the academics. Miles has been a member of the soccer and rugby teams and has made significant contributions to THE GRAMMARIAN in the fields of business and photography. As well, his scientific talents enabled him to participate in a special seminar last year at Acadia University. Miles plans to study engineering at an Ontario university; we may rest assured that he will do well. Good luck - go forth and multiply.





KENNETH MICHAEL STEPHENS

"I have never let my schooling interfere with my education."

-Mark Twain

Mike has persevered through eleven gruelling years at Halifax's Alcatraz. Throughout this period, he has quietly asserted himself and has developed into one of the more prominent members of the class. Mike has been able to balance his achievements in soccer, basketball and school photography with an honours average. A natural leader, he displays his maturity both on and off the playing field. Mike - your capabilities will never be doubted; you have already proven yourself worthy of any university. Be selective, though, you deserve it. Good luck in law or business, Mike, - and don't forget, whenever the going gets tough, think Alpine!

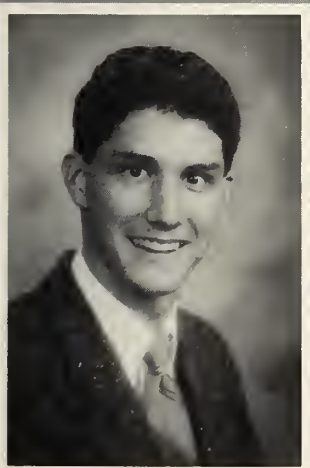


KERSTI ALEXANDRA TACREITER

"Genius is one percent inspiration and ninety-nine percent perspiration."

-Thomas Edison

As one of the two 1988 graduates who have endured twelve years at H.G.S., Kersti has been a valuable, although silent, member of the class. Through all those years, Kersti has magically managed to juggle numerous music and dance lessons with the maintaining of a very impressive academic average. Kersti's aptitude for languages has shown itself in her fluency in Polish and in her outstanding achievement in French and German. The former will no doubt be of great value to Kersti in the future, as she hopes to spend much of her time in her homeland, Poland. To most of us, who see Kersti as a quiet and shy individual, it seems a great surprise that she has decided to pursue a career on the stage. However, those of us who know her well realize that Kersti can be a rowdy drinking socialite (ha ha) and has significant 'rebel' tendencies. Thus, we bid her to 'break a leg' in acting and in whatever else she may do in the future. We love ya, babe!



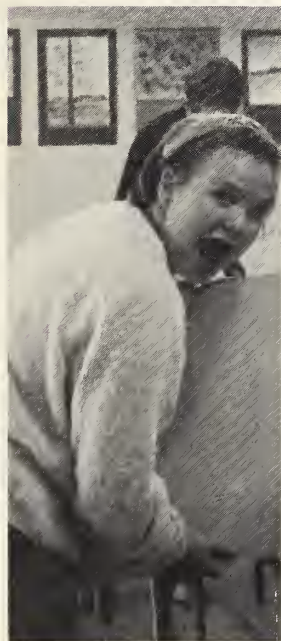
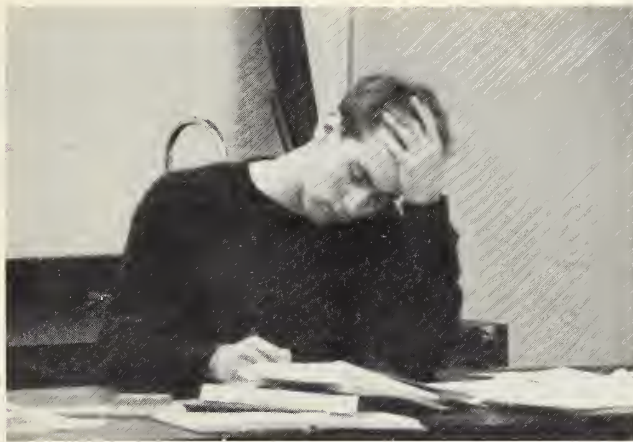
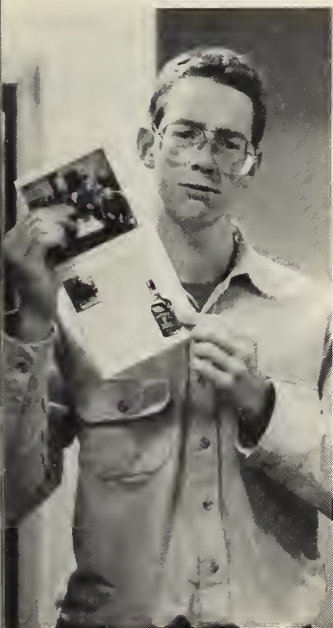
MARK ANDREW WATHEN

"College girls can give you something high school girls can't."

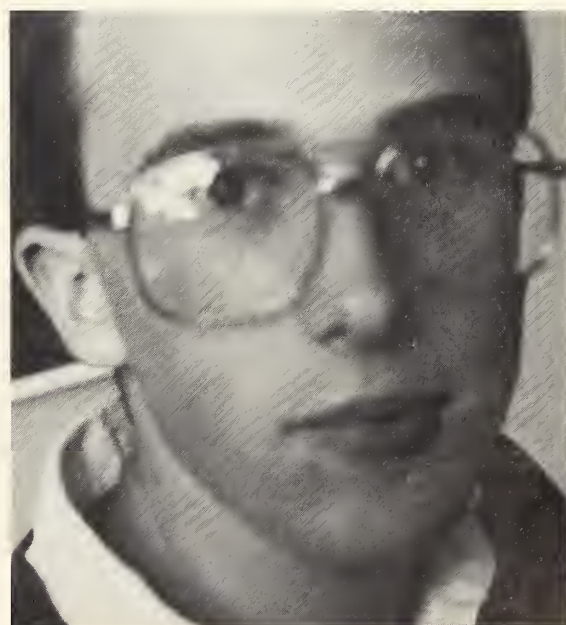
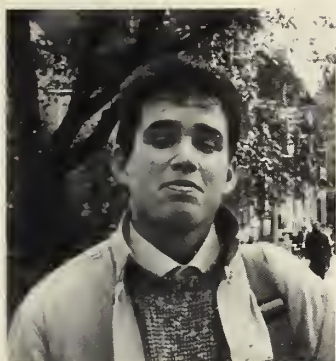
-Christopher Penn

Mark came to our school five years ago, and soon gained a reputation as a popular and personable young man. His knowledge of baseball and his appreciation of fast food are merely the tip of his intellect. An excellent physics student and a dedicated athlete, Mark has been able to maintain a good average despite an active social life. His efforts as sports writer for the school newspaper were enjoyed by the entire student body. This will serve him well, as he plans to study journalism in Montreal. Go for it, dude.









When I was in Grade Three at Sir Charles Tupper, my parents discussed going to the Grammar School. Nine years later, if my math serves me correctly, Mike Kiang approached me and asked me to write something about graduating. I agreed. Now, as I watch Carson, I wonder why. I am not Munju, Sheva, Kersti or Rob and thus have nothing profound to say. I'm not even Matthew, Michael or Dan, who seem to get honours anyway. And I'm definitely not Miles, our resident math genius. So what am I? Just an ordinary guy graduating from H.G.S. But this means something more than just that.

In my nine years at this school, I have definitely learned a lot. I have learned to cope with the academic pressure that we have all faced, and to maintain a certain standard that the school expects. Because I plan to read this article to my grandkids, whether I'm a famous rabbi or an unknown bum, I will avoid being critical of the teachers. Instead, what I would like to do is to share my thoughts as to why our class survived and prospered.

Firstly, our class, despite what teachers may think, is a strong and united one. And this means more than Miles doing our math homework at the last minute, for our friendship extends much further. The pressure within the school has compelled us to become friends and to respect each other. We were drawn together because of our circumstances - the necessity to survive at H.G.S. Most of us have different interests. Most of us are going in different directions. Yet we share a bond that only our class can appreciate, and I thank its members for their continued support and friendship through the years.

Secondly, I would like to thank the teachers. It is very easy for us to make fun of the teachers. (They often do a good job of it themselves - Mr. Gray once said, "This co-ordinate is most unknowable, you are mere pigswill. Puff!") However, to set the record straight, I would like to thank the teachers for their dedication and help. I guess they taught me self-discipline and how to think, and probably along the way I learned something. I just better get rich! Also, although he is no longer with us, Mr. Montgomery must be credited for helping us over the years.

Equally importantly, our families must be thanked for shelling out the bucks to send us here. During the year, as we plead with them to send us to Q.E., they do a very diplomatic job of making us stay at the Grammar School. Personally, I would like to show my appreciation of my parents for keeping me sane over the years. When I get nervous, they buy food so I can eat and stay fat. In the summer I go to camp. During the school year, they let me sleep with them when I'm scared about a test. (When I'm serious, it sounds fake, but I do love Marv and Lo.)

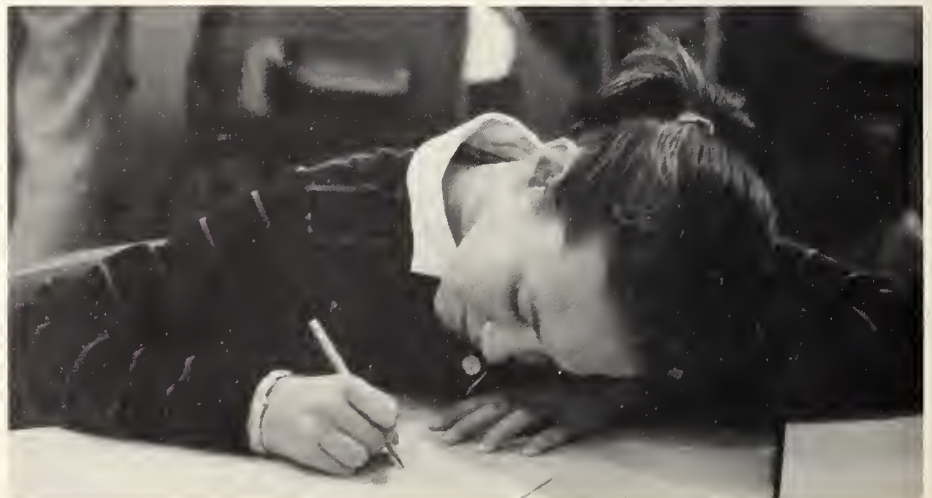
So where does Grade Twelve go from here? The Grammar School has given us the foundation of a solid, thought-provoking education. We have learned how to work and how to cope. Every member of our class has something special to offer the community (Munju wants to destroy it). Whatever we choose to do, we'll do it well; and it probably will have something to do with our educational background - the Halifax Grammar School. Unless I become an alcoholic, a drug addict or a Conservative in New Brunswick, I intend to use the stuff that the Grammar School taught me to do well. Special thanks to Mrs. Aterman and David Letterman for those lovely late nights.

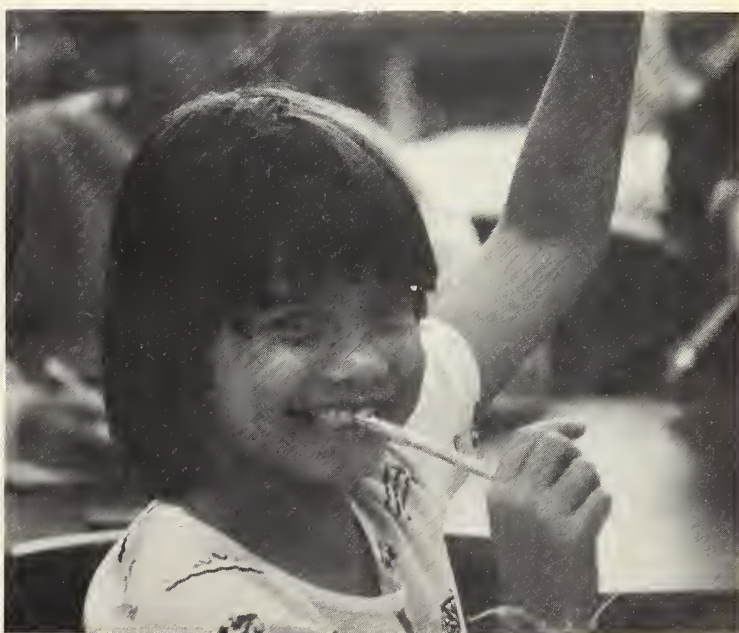
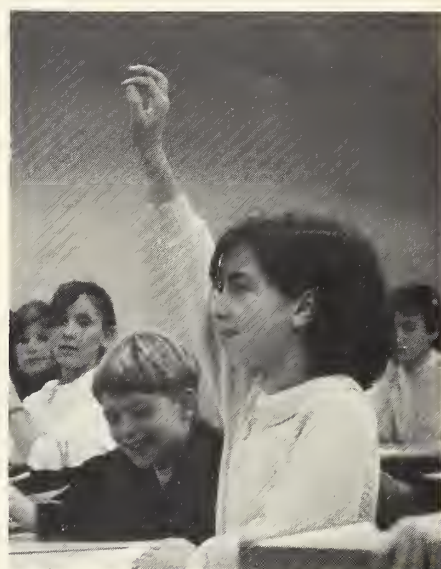
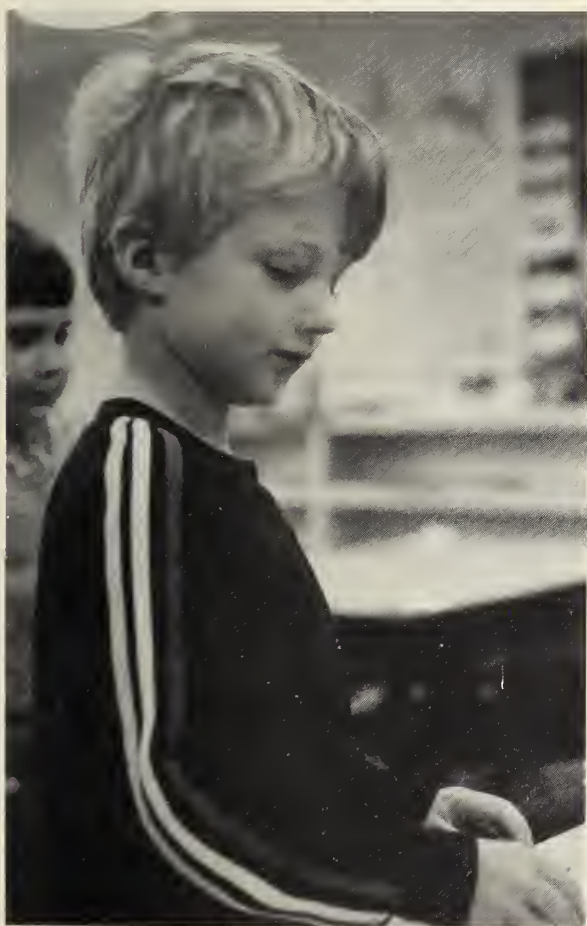
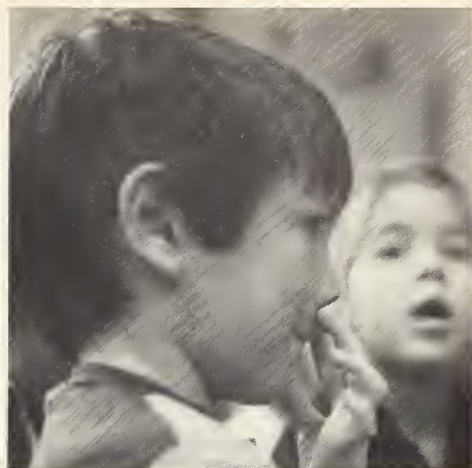
Love,

The Blocker

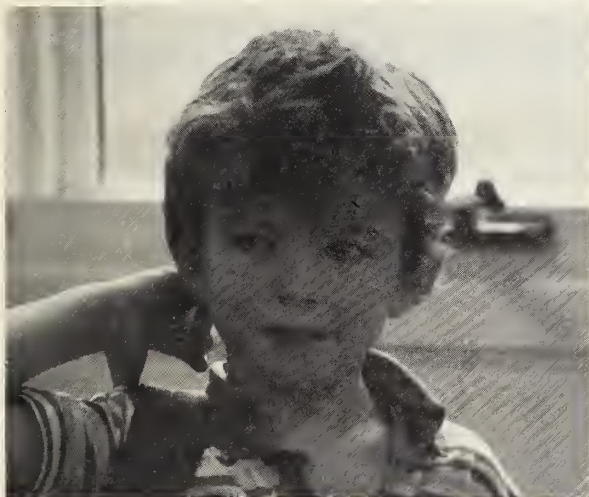
Prep School











Primary



Back Row: Katherine Risley, Elizabeth Dodds, Jeffrey Roy, Marc Beauchamp, Quynn Morehouse, Alexis Green.

Middle Row: Tressa LeBlanc, Adam Digby, Michael Smith, Jason Giovannetti, Charles Underwood.

Front Row: Mrs. Moxon, Linnet Finley, Jeremy Ewing, Ivan Bercholz, Craig Oliver.

QUINN TERRY MICHAEL KATHRYN
 MICHAEL JEREMY
 CHARLIE LIZZIE IVAN
 TRESSA ALEXIS CRAIG
 LINNET KATHERINE
 COREY JASON JEFF
 ADAM

Prep One



Back Row: Adam Denton, Lauren Abrahams, Thomas Brooks, Jamie Reid, Billy Mastrapas, Andrew Carver-Robinson.

Middle Row: James Wolff, Jennifer Wheatley, Alexa Smith, Zoe Nichols, Laura Gray, Eric Demaine.

Front Row: Lewis Wolff, Nicholas Woolnough, Dagmar MacManus, Jessica Burnstein, Ashley Seaman, Michael DeGrasse.

I wish that ...

Lauren - I had a kitten.

Thomas - Halloween was every day.

Jessica - I had a puppy.

Michael - there were more holidays.

Erik - spiders never died.

Adam - I were Superman.

Laura - I owned a store.

Dagmar - my pumpkin was the size of the world.

Billy - I had lots of friends to play with.

Zoe - I were a princess.

Jamie - I could have more toys.

Andrew - I was rich.

Ashley - I could play the piano.

Alexa - I had a kitten.

Jennifer - members of my family were never sick.

James - Christmas was every day.

Lewis - I were a commando.

Nicholas - all the bugs in the world would go away.

Prep Two



Back Row: Danny Roscoe, Zavin Nazaretian, Andrew Muncaster, Victoria Reid, Fiona Liston, Jenny Oliver, Kenzie MacDonald.

Middle Row: Mrs. Lewis, Thomas Chamagne, Toby Stoltz, John Beauchamp, Joshua Ewing, Lisa Fentress, Meg Pooley.

Front Row: Evan Petley-Jones, Matthew Brannon, Ian Koslow, Michael Edelstein, Gillian Parker, Noah Watson.

If I were a teacher I would ...

John - make everybody read and write for seven hours.

Matthew - be bad and not let people go to the bathroom or go outside.

Thomas - let everyone play with the Colour-Factor set for two hours.

Michael - tell everyone to play for four hours.

Joshua - let the students build a gigantic building out of Colour-Factor sets.

Lisa - be nice and teach about wolves.

Ian - have everyone eat sweets - especially Michael.

Fiona - have gym at 9:55 and recess at 10:15.

Kenzie - say that you could go to the gym.

Andrew - smack the students with cement blocks.

Zavin - make everyone get a punk hairdo.

Jenny - read them GHOSTS AND CROWS AND THINGS WITH O'S.

Gillian - let everybody do whatever they wanted to do.

Evan - do hard math.

Meg - get the class to read a book everyday.

Victoria - let all the girls play with the Colour-Factor.

Danny - make them study flags.

Toby - make them write.

Noah - be very nice and let the class use the Colour-Factor set for twenty-four hours.

Prep Three



Back Row: Tara Waldman, Ian Cains, Gregg Davis, Deborah Lief, Meredith Murphy, Kalja Helmetag, Liam Brennan, Daniel Franklin.

Middle Row: Mark Henderson, Rebecca Rome, Rushmi Malaviarchichi, Daniel Oore, Joseph Rosenberg, Joanne Coxon, Jennifer Chetwynd, Jennifer Gray, Jennifer Digby.

Front Row: David Totten, Alicia Miller, Peter Lawrence, Edward McKeever, Billy Smith, Sara Bercholz, Erika Wilson.

Absent: Vanessa Hayward, Kevin Moore.

What this school really needs is ...

Sara - no teachers.

Liam - no girls.

Ian - a swimming pool.

Jenny - no more homework.

Joanne - a water fountain that really works.

Gregg - a two-hour movie everyday.

Jennifer D. - more time to play.

Daniel F. - intramurals for Prep Three.

Jennifer G. - to be bigger than it is now so that it can have another gym.

Kalja - hot lunches and a Prep School lunchroom.

Mark - a T.V. for Grade Three.

Vanessa - a 700-pound cat to sit on.

Peter - a race car track to race on.

Deborah - a roller-skating rink.

Rushmi - more art periods.

Edward - intramurals for Prep Three.

Alicia - more play time.

Kevin - an underground heated swimming pool.

Meredith - less days of school.

Daniel O. - a swimming pool.

Rebecca - more art time.

Joseph - a bigger gym.

Billy - ammunition.

David - all gym time.

Tara - a room for the Prep School only.

Erika - a tall and wide slide with a really big and soft pillow at the end.

Prep Four



Back Row: Georgina Mastrapas, Jennifer DeGrasse, Scott McKenna, Ben Lander, Ryan Blades, Alexander Wilson, Peter Brannon, Ian Smith, Sarah Fentress, Robbie Cameron.
Middle Row: Adrian Neumann, Lindsay Davis, Liza Piper, Mathew Harper, Emma Townsend-Gault, Mrs. Smith, Rachael Glube, Julie Henderson, Billy Nikolaou.
Front Row: Mara Green, Monja Myers, Aylin Alemdar, Julie Chamagne, Joanna Trager, Marcy Laing, Christopher Coxon, David Lankester.

The best thing about Prep Four is ...

Aylin - that we don't get much homework.

Ryan - recess, lunch, gym and going home.

Peter - when math is over!

Robbie - art, math and gym.

Julie C. - art, French, gym, lunch, recess and the teacher.

Chris - that I passed the first three grades!

Lindsay - drama, book conferences, and reading time.

Jennifer - that the teacher is nice.

Sarah - the teacher.

Rachael - art, French, music, gym and the Prep Four teacher.

Mara - that we do a lot of math and language arts.

Mathew - doing science experiments.

Julie H. - that we don't get a lot of homework.

Marcy - drama, and not so much homework.

Ben - the creative writing and art.

David - gym and art.

Georgina - that the teachers are really nice, and that this year the classrooms are big enough for the Christmas trees.

Scott - the hyper rainy day lunches.

Monja - the teacher, because she's nice, and it's fun.

Adrian - leaving!

Billy - gym and math.

Liza - that Mrs. Smith gives us just the right amount of homework.

Ian - gym, art, lunch and reading.

Emma - Mrs. Smith.

Joanna - drama. I like drama because we do skits, and it's really fun!

Alexander - writing this, because if we were not writing this we would be doing math.

Prep Five



Back Row: Catherine Davis, Mete Erdogan, Martin Laycock, Craig Silverman, Jennifer Franklin, Andrew Barker, John Caleb Threadcraft, Kerry Kindred, Hannah Blades.
Middle Row: Catherine McDougall, Martha Lawrence, David Pink, Michael Tucker, William Landymore, Bradley McCallum, Andrew McFarlane, Matthew Brooks.
Front Row: Eriskay Liston, David Rapson, Colin MacDonald, Jennifer Aldrich, Molly Grindley, Kate Perry, Irene Zouros, Alana Tervo.

This class would be dull without ...

Jenny's passion for fish
Andrew B.'s false laugh
Hannah's bossy look
Matthew's weird grin
Catherine D.'s laughter
Mete's intellectual head
Jennifer's height
Molly's books
Kerry's good running
William's art
Martha's nail polish
Martin's beliefs
Eriskay's freckles
Colin's bony body
Bradley's army crave
Catherine M.'s dramatic personality
Andrew M.'s skill
David P.'s cleverness
Kate's humour
David R.'s talent
Craig's cologne
John Caleb's brush cut
Alana's 'Hello's'
Michael's neat gadgets
Irene's athletic ability

Prep Six



Back Row: James Dodds, Jamie Stoltz, Jeff Parker, Nat Pearre, Jessica Linzey, Ata Erdogan, Harold Roscoe, Josh Threadcraft, Mary Kate Arnold.

Middle Row: Ms. Porteous, Drum Woodside, Willie Grover, Emma Penick, Natalie Vladi, Tera Hurst, Martha Casey, Lizzie Oore, Christine Hollett.

Front Row: Stephen Robertson, Jennifer Hinnell, Paul Murphy, Tony Barresi, Tova Rosenberg, Tina Piper, Jessica Lief, Anne Totten.

When I get to the Upper School I'll ...

Mary-Kate - do the best I can!

Tony - do my best.

Martha - try to do better and get more organized.

James - try to work hard and pass.

Ata - strive hard to get good grades.

Willie - jump for joy and pass Grade Seven.

Jennifer - try to beat Emma in the cross-country run.

Christine - work really hard and try to love it.

Tera - pass, and party!!!

Jessica Lief - work hard and try to pass.

Jessica Linzey - relax and try to stay organized.

Paul - hope I will get to Grade Eight.

Lizzie - hope I don't get as much homework as in Prep Six.

Jeff - be glad I got into Grade Seven.

Nat - try to get good grades and do well.

Emma - try to make the soccer team.

Tina - try to get good grades and pass Grade Seven.

Stephen - I don't know - I'll have to wait till I get there.

Harold - wait for lunch.

Tova - be brave!

Andrea - work hard.

Jamie - be rich and famous.

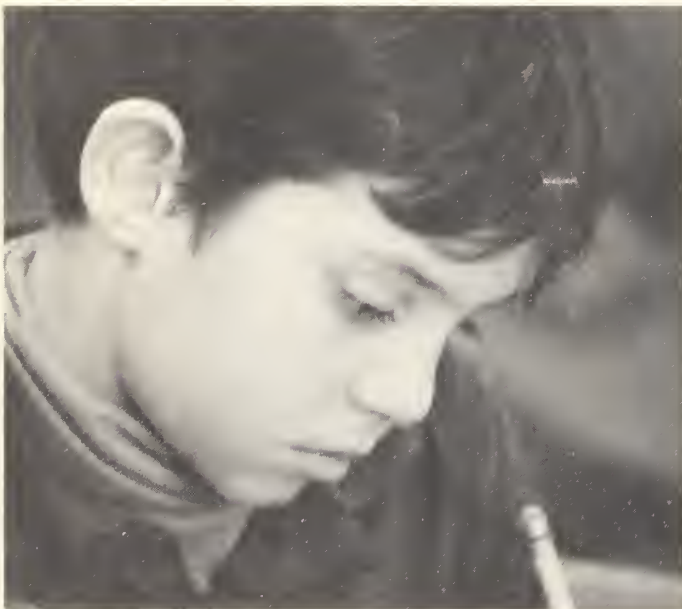
Anne - work hard, and go out for lunch.

Josh - work very, very hard.

Natalie - still be trying to recover from Grade Six.

Drum - try to pass.







Upper School



Upper One



Back Row: Bessy Nikolaou, Brent MacDonald, Andrew Hinnell, Laura Waters, Allyson Franklin, Tricia Joyce, Kerry Alemdar, Graham Aldrich.

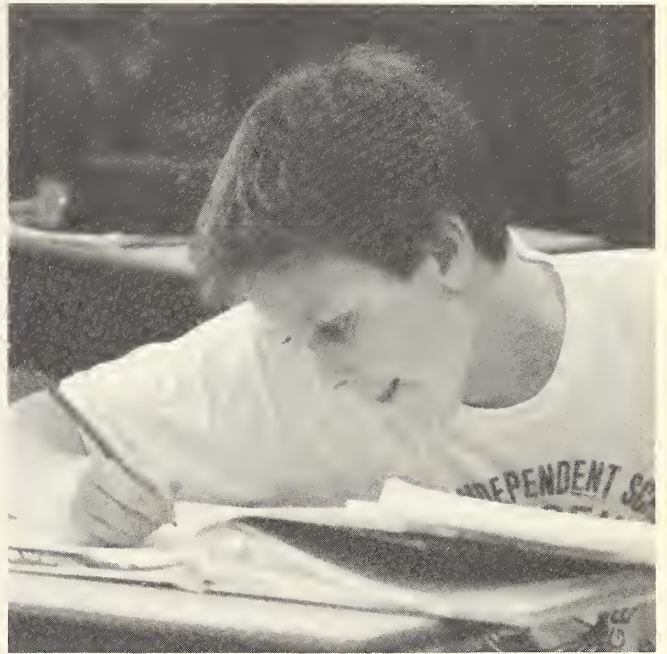
Middle Row: Matthew Thompson, Doug Penick, Joachim Steffen, James Liston, Kate Grindley, Lesley Jackson, Joy Laing, David Finlayson.

Front Row: Stacey Godsoe, Beth Pyesmany, Aaron Dickson, Emily Crow, Dhiren Moodley, Brent McFarlane.

Absent: Kirsten Flinn, Sarah Whitehead.

We leave to the next class of Upper One ...

Graham - cardboard lockers
Kerry - the hard-marking teachers
Emily - the gum under all the tables
Aaron - the wonderful hard, hard work
Stacey - nothing
David F. - the dirty broken cardboard boxes
Kirsten - everything I think is stupid
Allyson - Mrs. Scobbie's rare smile
Kate- the wonderful cardboard boxes
Lesley - detentions with Mr. Waldman
Tricia - biology tests with Mrs. DeGrasse
Joy - history with Mrs. Nowlan
James - everything on this list
David M. - Mrs. DeGrasse
Dhiren - Mrs. Scobbie
Bessy - Mr. Waldman and his thrilling classes
Doug - the great teachers: Mrs. DeGrasse and Mrs. Nowlan
Beth - the brown cardboard boxes we use for cubbies
Joachim - my slippers, and detentions
Laura - room clean-up
Sarah - all the wet slimy garbage on the floor.



Upper Two



Back Row: Mathias Michalon, Ben Moore, Chris Williams, Imogen Hall, Warren Auld, Kathleen Murphy, Adrian Cameron, Susan Crocker.

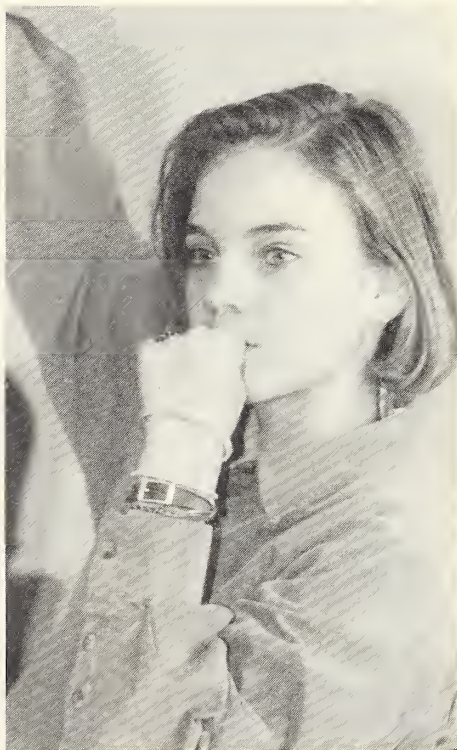
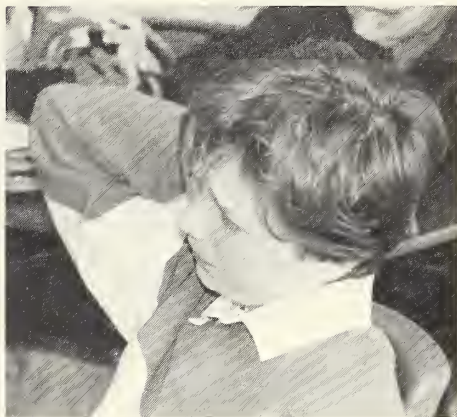
Middle Row: Jennifer Silverman, Trevor Greenwood, Arun Goomar, Igor Paratte, Patham Malaviarachchi, Heather Rapson, Matthew Burns, Aaron Hurst.

Front Row: David Brooks, Lars Mitchell, Sarah Brennan, Judy Halebsky, Michael McDougall, Ben Pearre.

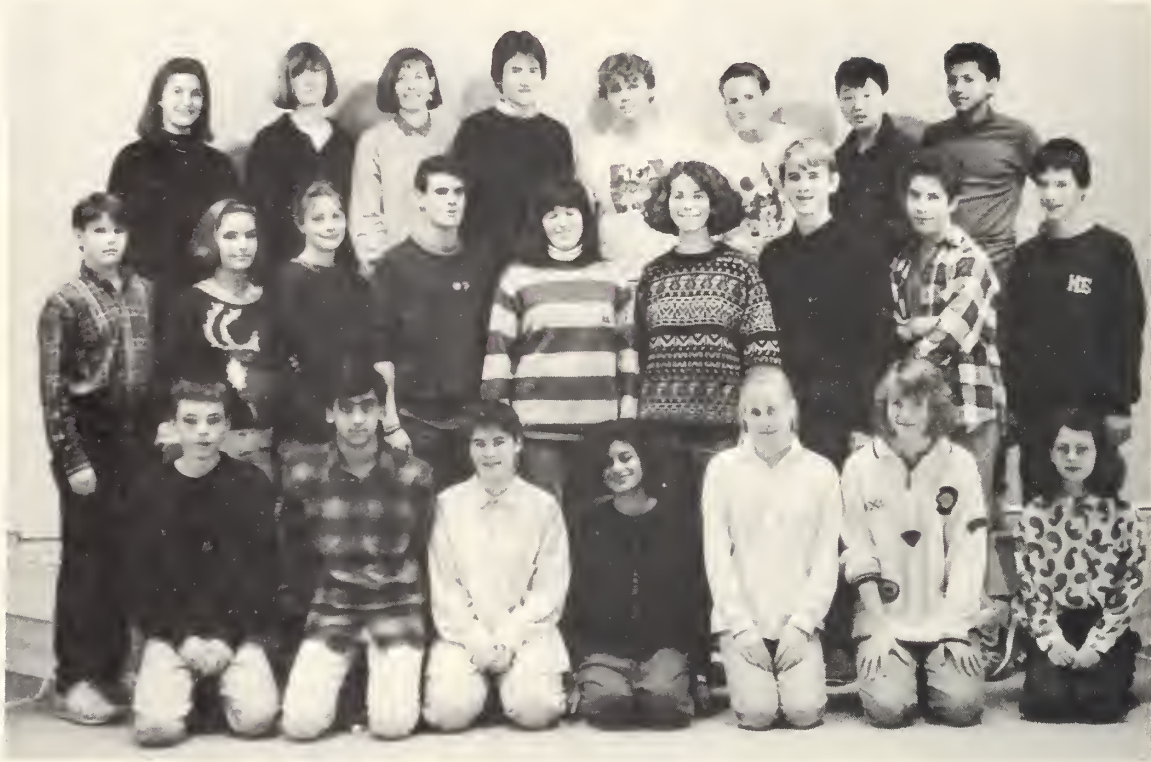
Absent: Leif Englund, Tom Sheridan.

The class of Upper Two will be remembered for ...

Warren's lack of English books
Sarah's hair
David's interest in martial arts
Matthew's retainer
Adrian's love of squash
Susan's staying at home when it snows
Leif's super ball games with Tom
Arun's attempts at running for Treasurer
Trevor's attention span in English
Judy's laughing fits
Imogen's camera
Aaron's spelling
Michael's (ooh those) legs
Patham's ongoing quest for 100%
Mathias' whistle
Lars' friend, the corridor
Ben M.'s good marks
Kathleen's thumb
Igor's tastes in books
Ben P.'s Mr. Gray imitations
Heather's homework help
Anne's quietness
Tom's love of aeroplanes
Jenny's lateness
Chris' Roots wear



Upper Three

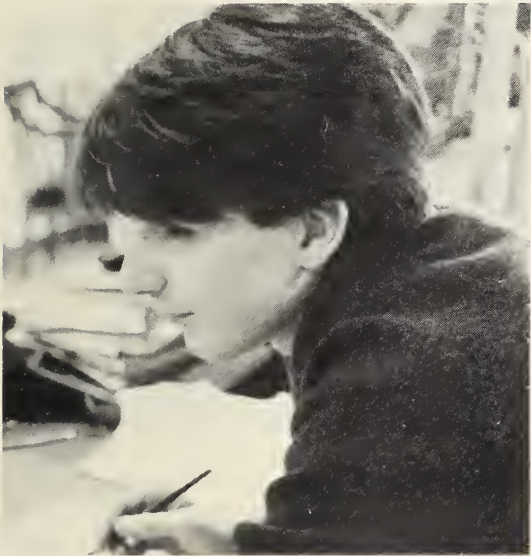


Back Row: Lisa Gaum, Allison Cooper, Nora Pyesmany, Derek Linzey, Sean Kirby, Luke Merrimen, Andy Kim, Lawrence Nwaesel.
 Middle Row: Shane Nichols, Alison Doyle, Jessica Andrews, Kabir Ravindra, Amy Block, Beth Chernin, Morgan Root, Andrew Sacamano, Paul Simms.
 Front Row: Paul Baskett, Ariz David, Jane Gould, Zareen Ahmad, Ashton Horne, Beverly Williams, Maggie Arnold.
 Absent: Amy Burns, Clea Kindred, Christopher Simmons.

Famous quotes of Upper Three:

Zareen - "You know, it's really interesting ..."
 Jessica - "Gimme, gimme"
 Maggie - "Ah ... ah ... ah-chooo!"
 Paul B. - "Aww nuts!"
 Amy Block - "I hate my brother's friends."
 Amy Burns - "You guys are so embarrassing."
 Beth - "I saw the most gorgeous guy."
 Allison - "Right cool, eh?"
 Ariz - "I don't put gel in my hair - I sat next to the window on the bus!"
 Alison - no quote; she doesn't breathe quickly
 Lisa - "Hey Danny/Mike/Asim/Mr. President"
 Jane - "I'm so beautiful!"
 Ashton - ""
 Andy - "Just kidding!"

Clea - "I forgot my glasses."
 Sean - "Hell's bells!"
 Derek - "I may be skinny but I'm really strong."
 Luke - "I'm a stud and don't forget it!"
 Shane - "Do it and you're terminated."
 Lawrence - "Why watch television if you're going to die when you're sixty-four?"
 Nora - "Oh, thanks a lot!"
 Kabir - "Skip it, it's only French/Math/Physics/Computer ..."
 Morgan - "Don't worry about it."
 Andrew - "May I please be excused from this class?"
 Christopher - "Go for it."
 Paul S. "Muh - teef!"
 Beverly - "I don't know what she's talking about."



Upper Four



Back Row: Andrew Jackson, Mark McCallum, George Nikolaou, Asim Wali, Matthew O'Dor, Malve Petersmann, Michael Cowie.

Middle Row: Nora Bednarski, Toni Fried, Chris Stairs, Jean Grindley, Tami Meretsky, Daniel Thompson, Craig Burley, Chris Maxwell.

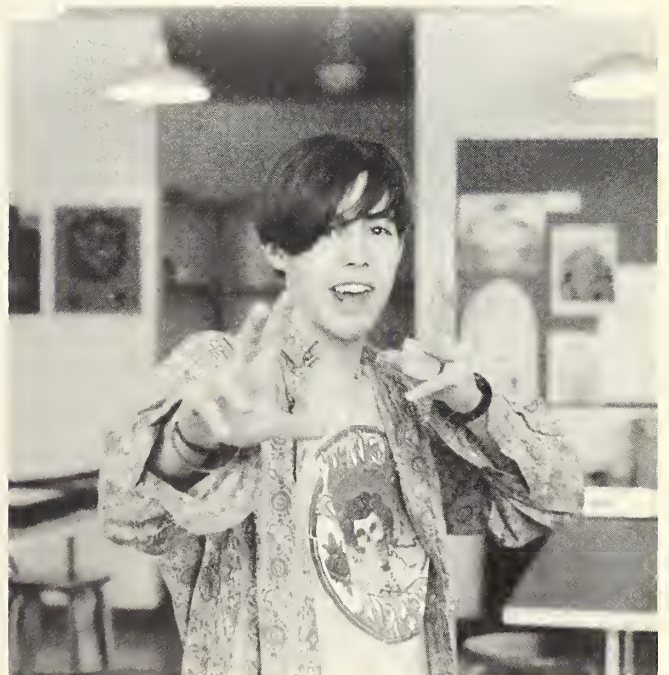
Front Row: Suzanne Godsoe, Sarah Newman, Kelly Murphy, Kelcey Parker, Greg Cummings, Michael Barker, Arthur Davis, Julia Doyle.

Absent: Sally Nanton.

The class of Upper Four wouldn't be the same without ...

Nora's smile
Michael B.'s height
Craig's insubordinate nature
Michael C.'s knowledge of science fiction
Greg's laugh
Arthur's Globe and Mail
Julia's clothing
Toni's books
Suzanne's yappiness
Jean's reticence
Andrew's opinions
Chris M.'s Cottonwood sweatshirt
Mark's bookbag

Tami's parties
Kelly's cheerfulness
Sally's gymnastic abilities
Sarah's turtlenecks
George's black Adidas sneakers
Matthew's superb chess knowledge (?)
Kelcey's lateness
Malve's hair
Chris S.' high marks
Daniel's sixties music
Asim's amiability
Mr. Gray's facetious remarks



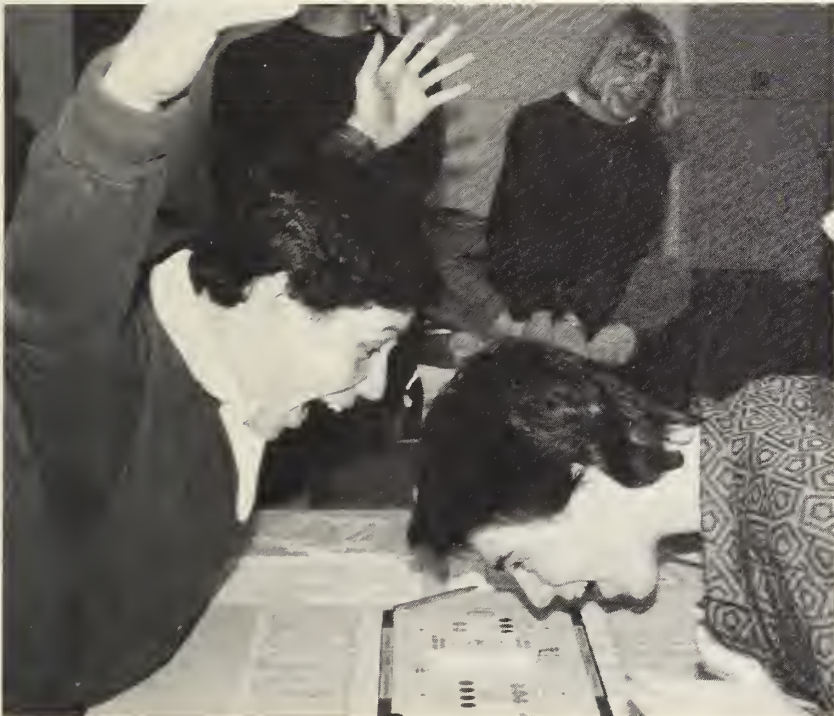
Upper Five

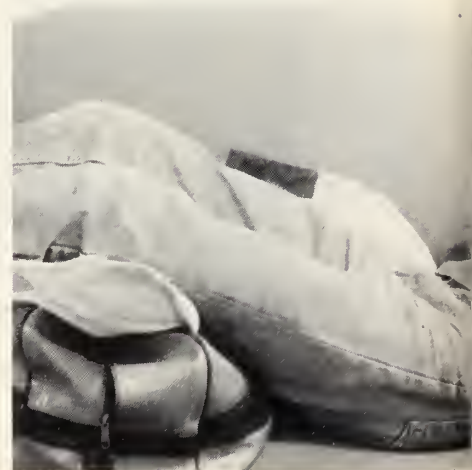
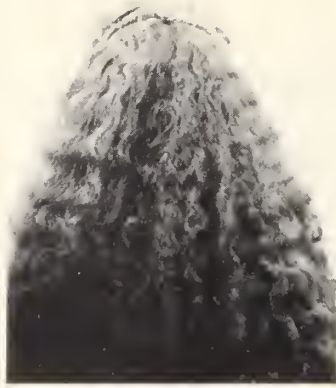


Back Row: Kevin Gibson, Jared Stern, Clare Roscoe, Michael Risley, Jonathan Cook, John Gould, Felix Batcup.
Middle Row: Jen Trabert, Kim Babcock, Allison Fairhurst, Grant Wong, Jason Holt, Michael Kiang, Bobby Carter, Andrea McCulloch.
Front Row: Hugh Thompson, Steve Oore, Jane Sodero, Martin Holland, Mishko Hansen, David Ross.
Absent: Jean-Paul Bewers, Billy Said.

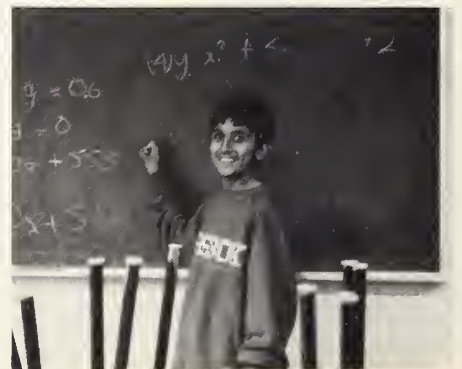
We the class of Upper Five, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave to ...

Kim - a permanent address
Felix - fashion T.V.
Jean-Paul - his sanity, and a book of stupid Latin stories
Robert - the Sack of Excellence
Jonathan - a razor, and some Tylenol
Allison - a boa constrictor
Kevin - an alarm clock that works
John - du lait
Mishko - a new wallet
Martin - elevator shoes
Jason - a harem
Michael K. - a crate of Vitasoy
Andrea - a new life
Steve - a home perm kit
Michael R. - nine hours in the pit
Clare - wire cutters
David - Hulk Hogan underwear
Billy - a lifetime bus pass
Jane - thirty-nine cows
Jared - the Bobmobile
Hugh - Valium
Jen - Huis clos
Grant - a pre-nuptial agreement, and everything













ART & LITERATURE



Prep 3 & 4

THE PATH TO SCHOOL

One day when Jenny went to school there was something strange on the way. She didn't know what was wrong. The next day she found out what was wrong. A house was missing and there was a path. She followed the path until she came to a door. A key was hanging on a tree. Jenny took the key down. She put it in the keyhole. Jenny opened the door.

The path continued. She walked another mile until she came to a fork. She did not know which path to take. Jenny took the path on the left. This time she came to a witch in the middle of the path.

The witch said to Jenny, "Say the magic word or I'll turn you into a frog."

Jenny said, "Car." That was the right answer. "Phew," said Jenny. Jenny was very tired. She had to rest. After she had a rest she walked a little further until she came to a gigantic slide.

It was 50 meters high. It was like a very very very very very very very very very very very

BIG MAZE!

It sure was! It was a water slide! She sure was in for a surprise!

Jenny went down the slide. "Whee this is fun!" said Jenny. At the end of the slide was a rope. The rope was gigantic! It was one mile long!

At the end of the rope was another door. This time there was a pole beside the door. It had two keys on it. She didn't know which one to pick.

All the keys had numbers on them. The key that had fourteen on it was the right one. The path was getting closer to the end.

"I'm going to be very late for school," said Jenny.

She walked a little further.

She saw the end of the path! It led to school!

After school was over and she was home she told her mom and dad what had happened. They didn't believe Jenny.

The next day when she walked to school the house was back.

And when she got to school the next day the path was just disappearing. Jenny had a nice day at school.

Jennifer Gray
Prep Three

One day when I woke up I saw my mom. She was as small as a book! I didn't like her that size because she couldn't make me breakfast, but I made my own and then I walked to school. I didn't have a good day at school because I thought about my mom all day.

After school I walked home and saw my mom on the bed. She was the size of an eraser! The next morning my mom was not on my bed. She was gone. I looked all over but she was not in the house. I was worried sick. I didn't go to school that day. I didn't have lunch or dinner. All I had was crackers. I was starving all day. Then I went to bed.

I am still looking for her. I am very sad.

Matthew Harper
Prep Four

MARK AND THE FISH WIGGLE DANCE

Once there was a boy named Mark who loved fishing. He was six years old. One day in spring Mark went to his cottage. He knew that the fish loved worms so he dug for some in his Daddy's compost pile. When he got to the cottage his Mom and Dad were talking to Warren, the person who builds the cottage. While he was fishing, Mark FELL INTO THE WATER AND HIT HIS HEAD ON A ROCK! Suddenly Mark got out. He was wet all over. Mark rushed up to his Mummy. She took off his wet clothes. She gave him her jacket. After that Mark went back down to fish with his worms. He fished for a little while. Then he felt a jerk on the line. He pulled up the line and there was a fish! He held it in his hands in front of himself. Mark was so pleased with himself! Suddenly the fish wiggled out of Mark's hands and went down his mother's jacket! Mark wiggled and wiggled and struggled and that is what we call the FISH WIGGLE DANCE.

Mark Henderson
Prep Three

THE CATERPILLAR

Once upon a time there was a sad caterpillar. His name was Arthur. He was sad because he thought that he didn't look nice. He looked at all the other bugs like the ladybugs and the beetles. But most of all he liked the butterflies, because they were so colourful and bright. He had always wished that he was a butterfly. One day he felt very sleepy so he fell fast asleep. When he woke up it was dark, because he was in a cocoon. He wiggled himself out. It was sunny outside. He looked in a dew drop. He was a butterfly. He was the most beautiful butterfly because he had all the colours in the rainbow.

Kaija Helmetag
Prep Three

THE ELF FROM NANTUCKET

There once was an elf from Nantucket.
He stuck his head in a bucket.
He couldn't get out
So he started to pout.
That weird old elf from Nantucket.

Rebecca Rome
Prep Three

LADYBIRD, LADYBIRD, FLY AWAY HOME

My father was flying to Turkey over the Alps on his way from Frankfurt, Germany. When he went to the bathroom, he found a small ladybird on a towel. He asked the stewardess for a paper cup to put the ladybird in. Then she looked through the first-class, smoked-salmon sandwiches to find some lettuce for it to eat.

When the plane touched down in Izmir the stewardess promised that she would take the ladybird back to Germany, where it would understand the language, and set it free in her own garden. I hope she did, but that ladybird certainly had a long way to fly home.

Emma Townsend-Gault
Prep Four
Third Prize

John Cabot was an explorer
In the fourteenth century
He had a crew of eighteen men
Financed by King Henry
He reached Cape Breton Island
Under full sail
We remember him nowadays
When we walk the Cabot Trail
He thought he had reached Asia
And he claimed it for the King
He died in 1498 still not knowing he had
Claimed the wrong thing!

Scott McKenna
Prep Four

TEACHER SAYS

Teacher says, "Don't tread mud in.
Gum goes in the big trash bin."
Teacher says, "Stop passing notes!"
Teacher says, "Hang up your coats."
Teacher says, "Don't wreck my chairs."
Teacher says, "Don't eat that pear.
Oh you're getting on my nerves
A spanking's what you all deserve
I will ask the principal
If I can leave this very fall."

"Oh please don't leave
Oh please don't go!
We hate the substitute so."

Liza Piper
Prep Four

SHOPPING FEVER

Shopping in the hardware store
Something tells me, "Buy some more!"
When I went to Zellers and priced the vase
I wished I'd asked my boss for that raise
Tired and crazed, it gave me quite a fright
To look down at my wristwatch and see it was night.
I rushed out to the car and drove home very fast
I passed the second light and turned the car super fast
I really yelled out my miserable plight
'Cause the car had stopped in the middle of the night
So I cried and cried 'til my tearmaker was sore
I slept there for the night and cried a little bit more
I got out of the car with bags under my eyes
And kicked the car that I despised
No shopping had been done
And I did not have much fun.

Robbie Cameron
Prep Four
Second Prize

NIBBLES' DIARY

Sun. Ate. Had a fight with Sheba.
Tried to escape, failed. Ate
some candy. Slept.
Mon. Spilled some milk, ate some
baby's breath, tried to escape
out of the house, failed.
Slept.
Tue. Sheba pounced on me and I
pounced on her. Slept, woke
up. Ate.
Wed. Ate, had a fight. Ate, had a
nap. Played with an elastic
with Sheba, tried to escape,
failed.
Fri. Spilled some milk. Ate, had a
fight. Ate some more.
Cuddled and slept with
Adrian.
Sat. Tried to escape from Adrian
but he brought me back in.
Ate, napped and had some
cat candy. This has been
quite a week!

Adrian Neumann
Prep Four

THE TWO-HEADED DRAGON

One day when I was walking on the street I saw a two-headed dragon. He looked funny but he was a nice dragon.

When I saw him I wanted him. He looked sad. I brought him home with me. He was a small dragon; he had two heads, sharp claws and red eyes. He always sleeps on the end of my bed. Every morning he eats ketchup and that's all he eats! Every time he eats he grows bigger and soon he took up the whole house. We had to put him in the park.

I was very sad and lonely. He didn't want to leave but he had to.

Matthew Harper
Prep Four

COMPUTERS

I hate computers because they are too slow and you have to put in and take out the disk ALL THE TIME. If I could I would put my hands around the computer's neck and squeeze and as I squeezed harder I would feel freer and jump across the room because I had killed the computer.

I would go to its funeral. On its grave some people would throw roses, but I would throw a grenade and it would be the most enjoyable day of my life.

Robbie Cameron
Prep Four

MUSICSTOP

Musicstop is a music shop.
There's a bar there where you can have a pop.
There are drumsticks,
Guitar picks,
Bagpipe drones,
And earphones.
Lots of things
Like guitar strings,
Piano keys, piano pedals,
Synthesizers, drums and cymbals.
What a noisy shop
Is Musicstop!

David Lankester
Prep Four

K MART

K Mart is a place of art
They have good bubble gum, armour and rum
And lots of things that are good for the tum
They sell wine and twine and good Alpine
When I go back they serve me no tax
So I buy lots of Ex-Lax and "six-packs"
I walk on good tiles
Thanks to service with a smile
In the window there's a parrot
In the store there's a one-ton carrot
Most of the food is from the ground
All they need now is a big playground
That's where I got a lunch box
And picked up the chicken pox!
As I said
K Mart is a work of art!

Peter Brannon
Prep Four

THE DARE(S)

I dare you to go to Miss Roberts and say
"I hate you, big selfish brat"
I dare you to go to Miss Roberts' back porch
And practically kill her cat
I dare you to go to Miss Roberts' front porch
With my jackknife and cut up her mat
I dare you to -
Oh no look! She's coming out of her house
Hurry back inside, be as quiet as a mouse
Oh, let's stop these dares
Come on let's go upstairs
We can get on my bed
And we'll read instead

Julie Chamagne
Prep Four
First Prize

Prep 5 & 6

THE BOY AND THE ANTS

A long time ago, when man was still very primitive, separate tribes had tests of manhood. In one of these tribes there was a boy named Guala. He was fourteen years old and would be going through his test of manhood.

In Guala's tribe, when boys turned into men, they would walk with their chief through the forest until they came to the sacred tree. This special tree had sap that no ant could resist. The boy would have to eat every ant on the tree before he became an adult. They had to do this because the holy men said the ants' shells have a special fluid that made young men mature faster. The women didn't do this because they grew up at the normal rate.

Today Guala walked to the tree. As he trudged through the fallen leaves he noticed a strange silence around him.

"No matter," he thought. Today was his special day. He entered the clearing where the tree was.

The chief's mouth hung open in amazement. There were no ants on the tree!

The chief chuckled, then laughed, then roared!

"The ants have gone because you are unworthy of them," he said solemnly. Then he burst into laughter. "You will be the first fourteen-year-old that is still a child!"

Guala couldn't stand it. He ran back to his hut, trying to find shelter in his family. But soon word spread until even his brothers and sister snickered when he passed. Guala ran away and made a hut deep in the woods, where he wouldn't be ridiculed by his friends.

Soon he ran out of food and had to go hunting. It was on one of these short trips that Guala heard the sound. It was as if the gods had made an elephant grow to twice its normal size and it was charging through the forest. He soon saw that it was a giant anteater. It came charging through the forest, its legs knocking trees down as if they were toothpicks. Guala grabbed his bow and a handful of poison arrows and ran after it. It was as big as an elephant, but it didn't have very thick skin. Soon arrows were sticking out of it on all sides, and at last it fell down on top of Guala's hut. Guala cut it open, and saw what he had suspected. Inside it were thousands of tiny ant shells - the same ants that were supposed to be in Guala's belly, not in some overstuffed furball!

So he took the carcass back to the village and, in front of the chief, ate every ant shell that was in the anteater. The village cheered him on, and after the last shell and a slight belch, the chief told him the anteater had been stomping on the village's livestock. Guala was awarded with the highest honour possible. He walked to his family and proudly displayed the black leather belt he had received. From then on he was treated like a king, and given the second best spoils from their raids on warring tribes. Whenever a "monster" was plaguing the village, he was asked to give advice. And even when he was an old warrior, he always remembered his test of manhood and when he fought his first battle.

Jamie Stoltz
Prep Six
Third Prize

THE WORST IMPROVISING

There was one day in Grade Ten that I remember quite vividly. It was the night of the Christmas play and I was so nervous that my knees wobbled every time I stood up. Even though I only had one line I was sure I was the most nervous person there. Since it had always been my dream to become a famous actress, I knew I had to do well. Anyway, I stood backstage, wobbly knees and all, waiting for my cue to go on stage. My line was going around like a merry-go-round in my head. I knew my line like the back of my hand. Then again, I don't really know the back of my hand so well. Finally it was my turn to go on stage. My stomach did somersaults. My legs were numb and I felt like a zombie. Somebody pushed me onto the stage and before I knew it I was standing in the middle of the stage where everybody could see me. I could feel everyone staring at me. My mind went blank. I casually sauntered over to the lockers and opened one. I tried desperately to think of what to do next. I couldn't remember my line that I had practised night and day. "Uh ... I like your new hairdo," I told the girl standing beside me. I knew it was a really dumb thing to say but I couldn't think of anything else to say. I quickly walked off the stage. My drama teacher came up to me and looked straight in my eyes. "That," she said, "was the worst improvising anyone has ever done before." She turned around and walked away. I sat slumped in my chair and waited till it was time to go bow. When it was my turn to go up on stage I walked on quickly. As I bowed I expected to get boos and hisses. Instead I got the most thunderous applause. Up until this very day I've never known why.

Jessica Linzey
Prep Six

BIRDS

The sky is filled with birds
Soaring over the trees
They spread out their wings
Showing exquisite colours
Folded away when they land

Jennifer Franklin
Prep Five

Tomorrow,
Never coming,
Staying away, frightened
Coming close, but far away,
Tomorrow.

Mete Erdogan
Prep Five

Tide
Bubbling forward
Rolling up the shore
Tugging at my toes
Tide

Kerry Kindred
Prep Five

High up in the sky
Swooping down to the ground
On to a pine tree
Peering through the leaves
Waiting for prey to appear
Feathers start to spread
Three animals are gone
The sun is boiling hot
The bald eagle returned
And is gone.

Jenny Aldrich
Prep Five

LIFE IS LIKE AN AIRPLANE

Life is like an airplane,
Every time it reaches for the sky
There's a chance that it will not return to solid ground,
It's a risk.

Just like anything you do in life,
There's always a chance that it will not work out right,
Or even work out at all,
It's a risk.

Natalie Vladi
Prep Six

THE GAME

Life is like a game;
You roll the dice.
The future is unpredictable;
You move backwards,
You move forwards,
Sometimes in debt,
But sometimes booming.
At times you feel like dropping out,
But you stay, and hope it will get better.
Finally the game comes to an end,
You either win or lose;
Most times you're in between,
But in the end it was worth it.

Tina Piper
Prep Six

A SOCCER BALL

Life is like a soccer ball
Rolling round and round,
Black spots for sorrows
And white spots, where joy is found.

The ball may be kicked
And be sent flying very high
Like certain ambitions,
Trying to reach the sky.

But sometimes the ball may come down
And hit the ground with a thump,
But one should not give up
And try to move over the bump.

Ata Erdogan
Prep Six

TANKA

The evening has come.
Crickets are chirping loudly.
The sun has gone home.
Grampa sitting on the stoop.
All is quiet in the wood.

Hannah Blades
Prep Five
First Prize

POEM OF THE WEEK

This week -
this first week -
Welcome to Prep Six!
Getting used to each other,
all over again.
Getting used to each other,
the teacher and me.
What's it like, this week,
this first week?
Exciting,
tiring,
hectic -
Is this what the
year is to be?
I think I'm going
to like it.

Tova Rosenberg
Prep Six

STREAMS

Streams
Rolling, babbling
Laughing very softly
Lazily drifting, bubbling, bouncing
A stream of satin ribbon,
Sparkling in the sun with many colours
Streams

Kate Perry
Prep Five

LIFE IS LIKE A LADDER

Life is like a ladder,
With many, many rungs,
And you keep on climbing,
Until you run out of rungs.
Sometimes the rungs are golden,
Sometimes they are jeweled,
Other times they are metal,
Other times they are stone.
But you keep on climbing,
You never, never stop,
And one day you'll reach one,
And find that it's at the top.
But don't look down,
You might fall,
Down and down, and then you'll have
To start all over again.

Anne Totten
Prep Six
Second Prize

Upper 1, 2, & 3

SADNESS

Down below the dark angry sky
under the clouds that roared
attacked by heavy rain
and tormented by sad thoughts
a man wandered
Sad by the thought everything he
had known was dead
To come so far
and remember nothing
Down below the dark angry sky
Sadness lived

Katy Grindley
Upper One
Second Prize

ODE TO COLORADO AND THE ROCKIES

Mountain tops floating.
You stand above life.
Together as a snowy range,
Separated by the footsteps of the gods,
Mountain tops floating.
Do those white billows comfort you?

Aaron Hurst
Upper Two

VIEW FROM A WINDOW

View from a window,
Is a snow-covered valley.
A row of children's footprints,
Makes a picture in the snow.
View from a window,
Always bright,
Always clean,
Always fresh and new,
To cheer up a dreary day.

Tricia Joyce
Upper One

HAIKU

I don't want to go
But you made me sign my name
In the devil's book

Sean Kirby
Upper Three

THE MAN WHO WAS TALL

There was a tall man with blackened teeth
Who'd sneak or creak into the back of cars,
And scream, "Someone ate my frog!"
The man in front would see his black teeth
And give him some toothpaste.
The tall man would get out of the car and think,
"Hm, I did not even have to pay for this."

Andy Kim
Upper Three

LIFE INTWINED

The feathers of my friend the bird
are braided through my hair,
They guide my life with joy and health
because they are melting inside of me.

When the snow begins to fall and it is cold,
the feathers will lead me to the path of the moose.
I am always fed, because the feathers
are my friend.

The colours dyed throughout my friend
keep me warm and cheerful,
their glory is my pleasure.

My friend the feather will
always be in my thoughts for
it creates my headdress.

Jennifer Silverman
Upper Two

SPIRITS OF THE SKY

Parched was the earth
Dry as the brittle bones
Fire in the hearth
The restless wind moans

Rabbit, smell the omen in the air
Darkness descends, vanished is the sun
Clouds call out in merciless despair
Thunderbolt strikes like a shot from a gun
With it comes the pouring rain -
Deeds of a magic man done in vain

Arun Goomar
Upper Two

ACCOMPLISHMENT

Every year,
At around this time
I have to
write an entry for
the GRAMMARIAN.
So, I did.

Amy Block
Upper Three

AN OPINION

Impressive, ey? But why?
For what is impressive,
Ultimately creates disappointment,
and in that impressiveness
overshadows others,
and for all its indecent
magnificence, it creates
unhappiness.
And therefore,
why should anything
be called beautiful,
when it creates pain?
Thankfully,
We have something called
Opinion.
But opinions are often flimsy,
easily disproved.
And the breaking of it
causes more pain.
Therefore,
why have an opinion?
But this, in itself,
is an opinion.
So what does one
do now?

Paul Simms
Upper Three

Spring rain hangs upon
the willow tree like pearls
on a string.

Emily Crow
Upper One

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW

The cars bustled down the highway
As I walked by their side
The noise was deafening
A booming whine as each car drove by

I stepped off the road and into the forest
I had been this way before but never
had the forest been like this
It was a complete silence
Finally I could grasp the meaning of peace
The snow that had fallen the night before
created a bright twinkling blanket across the forest
The trees had been stripped of their fine
green clothes and left with snow across their
naked limbs.

I started walking, humbled by the sacred garden
Immediately the silence was broken
The snow-covered bracken crackled underfoot
It sounded like a fire of dry twigs
The snow was firm for it had frozen on
top but under my weight it twisted and snapped

As I looked back along my path I saw
footprints in the snow

David Brooks
Upper Two

MOONLIT SKY

I was looking out the window,
At the empty moonlit sky,
When there I saw her.
She walked in beauty,
Shining under the star-filled sky.
Her hair swept back and forth,
From the warm breeze air.

She pirouetted gracefully,
With her skirt flowing,
Not noticing him watching her.
He gently tapped her on the back
And bowed down.
After a moment's hesitation,
She held his hands
And they danced off into the dark
Leaving the moonlit sky
Empty again.

Bessy Nikolaou
Upper One

IF ONLY THEY COULD READ MY HANDWRITING

I got my report card the other day
I'd tell you what they had to say
If only I could read it ...

My English essay was very creative
I use the language just like a native
If only she could read it ...

In Math my comment reads messy but good
I'm sure she would have understood
If only she could read it ...

Taking down notes is time well spent
And to study for tests they'd be excellent
If only I could read them ...

My physics reports are based on fact
The teacher would find them quite exact
If only he could read them ...

Now - will the GRAMMARIAN publish this poem
They probably would, because I know 'em
If only they could read it ...

Mathias Michalon
Upper Two
Third Prize

A STATEMENT

As I looked across the silent field,
The sun glistened like a shiny blanket of sugar.
The only disturbance on the newly fallen snow,
Was that of a wounded deer,
Shot through the heart.

It was hunting season.

Jane Gould
Upper Three

THE END

In the beginning, except for It, our universe was void. For aeons, It thought, and after countless centuries It decided what to do. It introduced mass and energy from Its own universe, and the four elemental forces. After aeons of observing just these, It added the uncertainty principle and relativity. But still something was lacking. It introduced life, and watched life evolve all over the universe. Sometimes, intelligence would emerge from the bestial inhabitants of a world, and from these It selected the best thinkers.

It reformed their minds, and set them to thinking. But first It conversed with them. Almost invariably, they wanted to destroy themselves, but It convinced them that this was impossible. They then wanted to destroy It, and It allowed this, because It wanted what they wanted. It wanted an end.

And for countless aeons more, It collected thinkers, and watched as they all failed to destroy him. Eventually, there were too many for even It to be with all at once, and It had to spend Its time shifting between the countless infinities of thinkers. And while It was away, one of the thinkers disappeared. There was only a slight ripple in the patterns that formed as a result of the thinking, but It could feel the loss. For ages, It wondered what would come of the one that disappeared.

At first It hardly noticed the glowing light. But the light grew brighter and attracted Its attention. The light was completely new to It, and fascinated It. For ages the light grew brighter, absorbing the thinkers, until every last thinker was part of the intricate glowing creature that was the light. And It wondered if perhaps Its end was finally coming.

The light contracted, and grew brighter, until the light was the same size as It but brighter. And then the light spoke.

"You have created all this, waited countless aeons for an end. You tortured us, making us think, not letting us find our end. Now we shall have our revenge." And the light condensed further and became the size of a galaxy and then the size of a sun, and then a planet. As the light contracted, all the matter and energy in the universe contracted with it. Finally there was nothing in our universe but It, and the infinitely bright light. It, sensing something beyond Its comprehension in the light, retreated into the universe from which It had emerged. But as It left, so did the light. In Its own universe, It was alone. Then high in Its sky the light appeared. Tendrils of light stretched out, and engulfed everything but Its home. Nothing remained but It and Its home and the light. The light grew brighter, and bigger, as if approaching at an incredible speed, and finally engulfed Its home. Then, without a roar, or even a whisper, the light blinked out.

Once again, It was alone. In the end, except for It, Its universe was void.

Andrew Sacamano
Upper Three
First Prize



SOUNDS AT NIGHT

It was a dark and quiet night. The only sound I could hear as I walked home was the wind blowing quietly through the trees. The road was quiet and mostly deserted with not very many houses. Many animals, however - mostly cats and dogs - lived around here.

An owl gave a hoot somewhere to my left and it was answered after a pause by another, quite a way ahead. To my right, a dog was having a wild time howling into the night. Suddenly, I heard a soft patter of feet behind me. I turned quickly, but whoever it was had quickly made himself scarce for I saw not even a shadow disappearing behind a tree or house.

I continued walking, quickening my pace. But the soft footsteps behind me resumed. Finally, when I couldn't stand it anymore, I turned around in a flash. There was no one there. I saw nothing move away and heard nothing. I walked backwards for a moment but turned around again just in time to avoid stepping off the sidewalk into a ditch. Almost immediately I heard two cats fighting, and, before I knew it, they were running full speed in my direction. I moved quickly out of the way and they ran off in the distance. A car came quietly down the road and turned off to the left.

Suddenly, out of the blue, it seemed, came those footsteps again. This time I just quickened my step and continued walking. A window slammed shut but I didn't notice. I passed a mailbox. Ten steps further, I heard the footsteps seem to grow twice as loud, and the mailbox squeaked open and shut. The footsteps died down to a steady patter behind me. My mind raced as thoughts collided. There had been someone following me. There still was. He'd mailed a letter! But I saw no one when I glanced back.

I saw my house not too far off. Upon reaching it, I began to fiddle with the lock, but it seemed stuck. Suddenly I felt something reach out for my ankles, and I screamed. The only reply, though, was a quiet "mee-oow." I looked down and at my ankles was a cute little black cat. When I got the lock open, it pushed past me into the house. An owl hooted above me and I laughed at myself, deciding to call the cat Midnight.

Heather Rapson
Upper Two

Upper 4, 5, & 6

THE THING UNDER THE BED

Night scoured house
The old plaster snaps
Deathly still

Where's the cat?

Soft-padded darkness
Creeps over walls and floors
Black phantom trees lie across furniture
Branches or tails?

A moonstone flash
A soft thud
Quick! Hide your feet!

A mad scramble on to the bed

Grab a newspaper!

A pregnant silence falls
A silvery shadow glides past
Baleful green eyes narrowed

Julia Doyle
Upper Four
Second Prize



THE BALL

The ball glides gracefully through the air
In a smooth, wide curve,
As if sensing that its fluent flight is being followed
By the awe-stricken eyes of the baseball players.

In another second the beautiful journey ends
With a CRASH!
The shattering of glass!
The tinkling of rainbow-coloured jagged splinters.
The ball hits the floor with a thud
And stops rolling around, realizing its state of disgrace.

Toni Fried
Upper Four
Third Prize



THE CAMP

As the wind whistled through the desolate camp,
Bony prisoners stumbled past grinning guards.
Their loathing reached out in all directions,
Hanging their captors, wrenching the fences.

Their lust for women, their hunger for food
Driving them, onwards in the dust.
Their fingers drifting to yellow necks,
Held back by wary neighbours.

But one broke out, he'd lost it all,
Tearing flesh from well-fed bodies,
'Til ... "Bang" the shot rang out,
Blood drenching the dusty path.

Chris Stairs
Upper Four

THIS TIME WILL BE DIFFERENT

There was an achiever who just didn't show it,
and when he gave a good answer wasn't given credit.
Teachers mocked him, jeered him, talked behind his back,
called him inattentive, a chatterbox, and slack.
But this time will be different, he'll show them,
he'll do well in every subject, even Chem.

Greg Cummings
Upper Four

SHOOT FOR THE STARS

Life goes up and down,
Your sights are always set,
Today you might not reach your goals,
Wait till the sun sets.
Tomorrow
Shoot for the stars.

Chris Maxwell
Upper Four



THE SOLDIERS

Today the sun will shine
The paint on my house will crack
And the blades of grass will grow
in my yard

Tomorrow the same thing will happen
And maybe this time a bird will fly
And the trees will dance
Their branches blowing in the wind

Kelly Murphy
Upper Four

the war is over
and the winners have left
victorious

the defeated soldiers lie
on the muddy blood stained ground
like a child's forgotten toys

but war is not a game
most of them will never rise again

Nora Bednarski
Upper Four

Before I knew you
 I saw through you
 And now I find
 I'm so entwined
 I don't know
 What's heart or mind
 Then -
 I had you
 Now -
 I need you
 Watch me trip and try to please you
 It comes from within
 I need you without
 I've had enough of hope and doubt
 The truth might hurt
 But right now
 Ignorance is Hell

Julia Doyle
 Upper Four



A mirror in the dark
 That is my heart
 A cavernous pool
 Where mysteries rule
 The entrance is still
 Clear and tranquil
 But once you're inside
 The caves open wide
 A strange shadowed place
 Where Fears lead the chase
 With soft beating feet
 Down lost blackened, streets
 Who knows what you'll meet
 A moon frozen maze
 It's easy to invade
 But by now you've found out
 You'll never get out

Julia Doyle
 Upper Four

TESTS

Test.
 People write,
 Furiously,
 Fast.
 Answering,
 Thinking,
 Trying to remember
 What was studied.
 At last,
 It's over.
 Test,
 Done.

Andrew Jackson
 Upper Four

SEPARATELY TOGETHER

The tune of fading friendship
 reaches a crescendo
 when played in two separate people
 as now.
 Trapped within a chord
 unable to finish the song without the other,
 we play for different audiences
 or only for ourselves.
 Trying to create a false harmony
 all we did was
 destroy
 the duet.

Felix Batcup
 Upper Five

Suddenly a star fell
 Caught it
 Made a wish
 Threw it down in the sea
 Did it thoughtlessly
 It sank in the dark
 A brave little spark
 A shadow with fins and sharp
 So very sharp
 Teeth
 It was a shark
 Swallowed the spark
 Swallowed it and plunged back to the ice
 With my hope and my life
 A cold lonely shark
 Ate my shot in the dark

Julia Doyle
 Upper Four



SNOWBLIND AND JADED

If you stare out at the sky long enough, sometimes you can see its eyes in the distance, hiding behind lashes of cumulus. Sometimes near the end of the day you can stare the sky down and it blushes a sunset - other times it merely meets your glare with cool darkness.

Last night the sky was ragged and expectant and dejected and hungry - moody in its hunger - and it cried without knowing why. Its eyes were bloodshot with lightning and all night it shouted warnings at us through a malfunctioning bullhorn. But we were too far away, too terrestrial and too provincial to hear them.

I didn't sleep last night.

I sat up watching the sky slowly alter hue as the artist added new shades of blue to his palette. It is the cool mid-winter and the innocent morning scrawls obscenities in frost on my windowpane - it is an errant saviour which meanders as slow as possible over the horizon, wondering if its chosen people are deserving of its grace. By the time the sun has fully returned from its perversely egalitarian tour of duty over the rest of the world, the sky has dried its eyes.

And I sit staring ahead, working on a suntan in January, - just as we all sit staring straight ahead, content to tolerate the eccentricities of the sky and the sun as long as the one keeps watching our drama and the other keeps going around the earth.

Rob Plowman
 Upper Six
 First Prize

GREASEPAINT AND STARDUST - 'FILM NOIR'

I have heard of a dream land
where the Big people flow gently
around a monstrous blue garden
phosphorescing richly
as they tinkle and flirt
and murmur exclamations,
their wires scraping along preordained
tracks in the sky.
And all year 'round the Christmas lights
on the crewcut bushes
infect the darkness
with orange and red and
yellow and gold.
The Big people talk of liberal ideas
seriously amidst the
affluence and the apathy
and the champagne.
And they say, oh isn't the world a
horrible place
and, oh isn't life a
god-awful farce,
do you realize the price of one
single red rose
in this day and age?
It never rains in the garden, you see.

And I know that we have no choice but to trudge along
- and wake up each day tired - and empty - and posing
continually, ever posing for an artist that knows only the
monochromatic scale of gray - and hope and pray - and
work hard - and do other normal things - and watch the
television at night to see if we will be the next to die - or
if we're already dead.

Rob Plowman
Upper Six





Clubs

Student Council



Back Row: Michael Kiang, Rob Plowman, Matthew O'Halloran, Danny Rees, Jane Gould, Imogen Hall.

Front Row: Amy Block, Mark Wathen, Doug Penick, Suzanne Godsoe, Eric Block.

This year has been a varied one for the Student Council. Our undertakings have ranged from movie nights held early in the year to a recent lunchtime canteen. A mid-year election for Treasurer was held with the departure of Andrea McCulloch, and Eric Block was appointed honorary president. Eric's continuing work on the speaker committee that was formed last year has enabled the students to hear such enlightening presentations as the Baha'i Faith Peace Rappers.

Winter Carnival also provided the students with an enjoyable break from classes. Winners of competitions such as the infamous Ice-cream Eat, the Marshmallow Stuff and the Third Annual Lip Synch Contest won specially made HGS Winter Carnival T-shirts. In the afternoon, the Prep School rode the waves at the Spryfield Wave Pool while the Upper School literally hit the slopes at Ski Martock. In addition, the annual mid-year break ski trip was held at Ski Wentworth. The Council thanks Mr. Hinnell for helping with our ski trips and for organizing the school's Friday night ski trips.

The Council would also like to thank Mr. Evans for his efforts in obtaining a digital score clock from Farmers in the gymnasium and Mrs. DeGrasse for her valuable contribution as staff advisor to the council.

Matthew O'Halloran
President

S.A.C.



Back Row: Hugh Thompson, Sheva Carr, Kim Babcock, Holly McCurdy, Kersti Tacreiter.
Front Row: Phil Collier, Rob Plowman, Miles Sheridan, John Gould, Mike Stephens, Matthew Oland.
Absent: Al Davis, Andrea McCulloch, Munju Ravindra.

Students Against "Community, Conscience, and Co-Operation?" Well ... no. Students Against Conformity, and Condominiums-posing-as-schools! More specifically: the Students' Activities Committee!! Newly founded this year by a group of fed-UPper Six students who wanted to see the Grammar School become a fun place of excellence, the SAC was happy to see that this enthusiasm quickly spread to the lower grades as well. We are infamous for our prized "lollipop days" (held much to the chagrin of HGS's wonderful plush carpets!), the profits of which allowed us to provide the common room with a muchly desired ghetto blaster! While our central goal was to make HGS a place of FUN and HAPPINESS the SAC wouldn't want students to forget what the first letter of our name stands for: Study! (cough cough) We hope that the SAC has made some of that studying a little more fun this year, and that the lower grades will follow in our footsteps and that the SAC will Stay Alive in the Coming years!!

Sheva Carr
Founding Member of the SAC

Grammarian



Back Row: Mike Stephens, Malve Petersmann, Miles Sheridan, Mishko Hansen, Clare Roscoe, Kevin Gibson, Suzanne Godsoe, John Gould.

Front Row: Michael Kiang, Jen Trabert, Hugh Thompson, Jean Grindley, Toni Fried, Tami Meretsky, Nora Bednarski, Sarah Newman, Kelly Murphy.

Absent: Andrea McCulloch, Chris Simmons.

Six months of editing the GRAMMARIAN has meant living our lives around the dreaded DEADLINE. Three have loomed and gone; in the days before each we have pounced on strange typewriters and minutes of sleep wherever we have found them, not knowing how long it will be before the next chance. We have lived on coffee, on tea and on edge.

How remarkable that, after all this, we can say that it's been worth it. Firstly, for want of a less horrid word, it's been EDUCATIONAL. We've learned the meanings of "pica" and "justify right margin," but, more importantly, we've also improved at least a bit on all those skills to which admission and employment bureaus give horrid names, and which we will collectively call "getting by."

And, yes, it's been fun. We've been cheered up just when we've needed it by a poem or photograph, and we're glad to have worked with a lot of people we wouldn't otherwise have gotten to know.

We must emphasize that it is the contributions of many people that make up the GRAMMARIAN. We would like to thank our advisor, Mrs. Chapman, our editors - Toni Fried, Jean Grindley, Mishko Hansen, Andrea McCulloch, Hugh Thompson, our photographers - Kevin Gibson, Suzanne Godsoe, John Gould, Malve Petersmann, Miles Sheridan, Mike Stephens, as well as Clare Roscoe and Chris Simmons, for their dedication; all the teachers for their generosity and understanding; the office staff; the PAC; everyone who volunteered write-ups or entered the literature contest; and the infinite others for the little things that made it all work.

Michael Kiang
Jen Trabert
Editors

Senior and Junior Choirs

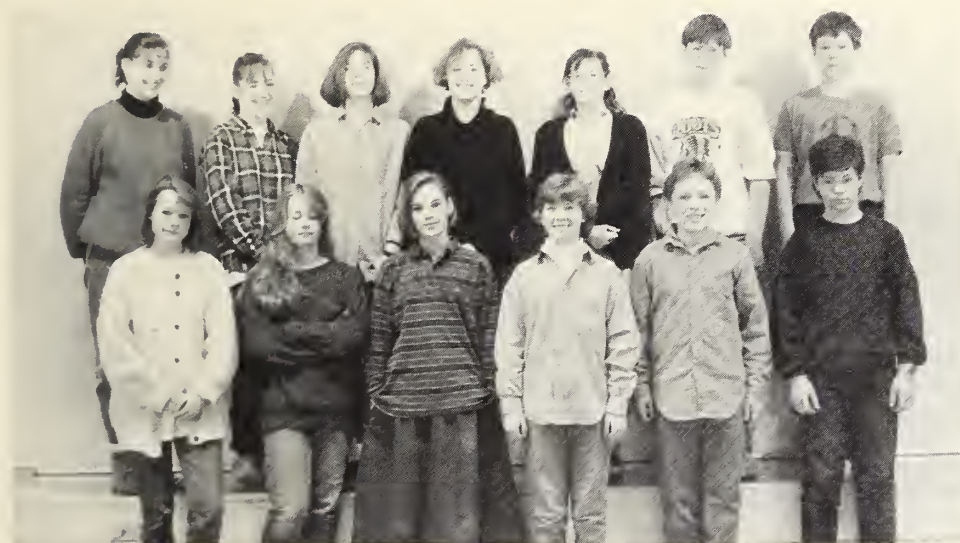


Back Row: Irene Zouros, Lizzie Oore, Tina Piper, Emma Penick, Eriskay Liston, Natalie Vladi, Jennifer Franklin, Alexander Wilson, Kerry Kindred, Jeffrey Parker, Ryan Blades, Molly Grindley.

Middle Row: Catherine McDougall, Jennifer DeGrasse, Georgina Mastrapas, Billy Nikolaou, Mara Green, Anne Totten, Bradley McCallum, Lindsay Davis, Aylin Alemdar, Jennifer Hinnell, Andrea Sheridan.

Front Row: Liza Piper, Julie Henderson, Joanna Trager, Rachel Glube, Marcy Laing, Emma Townsend-Gault, Christine Hollett, Monja Myers, Martha Lawrence, Alana Tervo.

Absent: Jennifer Aldrich, Hannah Blades, Kate Perry, Catherine Davis.



Back Row: Lisa Gaum, Amy Burns, Nora Pyesmany, Imogen Hall, Susan Crocker, Chris Williams, Andrew Hinnell.

Front Row: Ann Roberts, Sarah Brennan, Jennifer Silverman, Heather Rapson, Aaron Dickson, Mathias Michalon.

Absent: Clea Kindred, Kathleen Murphy.

Two choirs have kept Mrs. Kemp busy this year - the Junior Choir with its 33 members and the Senior Choir with 14 members.

Christmastime is always an exciting time for singers, and, besides singing at the Prep School Christmas program, the Junior Choir entertained the residents of the Parkhaven Nursing Home with a Christmas concert. The Senior Choir travelled to Lunenburg on December 1st where they performed for the residents of the Veterans' Unit of the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital. One of the residents there was celebrating his 90th birthday and we all shared his birthday cake. The hospital praised the high quality of the choir's singing and invited us back any time we wished to go. Christmas had already started in late November for the Senior Choir. They were invited to sing at the Nova Scotia Designer Council's Christmas Market at the World Trade Centre and there too they have been invited back for next year. They also "sang for their supper" at one of the Sunday brunches at the Dartmouth Holiday Inn.

The Independent Schools' Music Festival took place this year in February and 16 members of the Junior Choir and 8 from the Senior Choir were selected to go on the trip to Toronto. There we sang in the massed choirs in Roy Thomson Hall and were billeted by St. George's College - an all-boys' school! The girls didn't mind that!

As this is going to press, the Kiwanis Festival is in full swing with both choirs participating. After the Festival the choirs will be preparing for Open House and Graduation.

Mrs. Valda Kemp
Music Teacher

Debating

Back Row: Matthew O'Halloran, Mrs. Aterman, Rob Plowman.
Front Row: Mark McCallum, Craig Burley.
Absent: Eric Block, Sheva Carr, Steve Oore.



Where would we be if Henry Morgentaler's mother did not want him; or if Jimmy Swaggart was not an infidel; or if Rob had not come second at the Provincial Debating Tournament and had not won the right to compete in two national tournaments - in St. John's, Newfoundland (where employment is high), and Banff, Alberta (where skiing is fun).

The HGS debating club sent entries to the Nova Scotia Individual Impromptu Tournament - where Rob Plowman placed third; to the Nova Scotia gathering; and to the Provincials. Here, Rob Plowman, Eric Block and Matthew O'Halloran placed second in the team standings and second, fifth and ninth individually. The team also plans to attend the Sydney Invitational Tournament in April in an attempt to better last year's second place finish there.

We would encourage everyone who enjoys listening to themselves talk and frying stupid people to join the debating club. Debators learn to argue coherently and effectively as well as to work as a team. Debators travel the globe and meet many rich and famous persons.

Very often the true heroes of HGS don't get the credit they deserve, but we debators take no one for granted. Hence we therefore should wish to thank Mrs. Aterman vastly (provisio our history marks are great). Her support, direction, good humour and infinite wisdom have been indispensable (this is only the place in which we cannot be sarcastic).

Skate, debate and procreate,

Eric Block
Rob Plowman
orators extraordinaire

Junior & Senior Drama



Paper Folding



Science



Back Row: Georgina Mastrapas, Jennifer DeGrasse, Julie Henderson, Joanna Trager, Marcy Laing, Julie Chamagne, Billy Nikolaou.

Front Row: Lindsay Davis, Mara Green, Alexander Wilson, Liza Piper, Aylin Alemdar, Mrs. DeGrasse.

Absent: Tina Piper.

Russian



Back Row: Andrew Jackson, Mrs. Simms, Toni Fried.
Front Row: Jean Grindley, Craig Burley, Greg Cummings.

Grammar Gazette



Back Row: Jennifer Franklin, Jennifer DeGrasse, Liza Piper, Mara Green, Ata Erdogan, Andrea Sheridan, Tina Piper, Lizzie Oore, Martha Casey, Jeff Parker.
Middle Row: Ms. Porteous, Billy Smith, Jennifer Hinnell, Tony Barresi, Greg Davis, Christine Hollett, Anne Totten, Martha Lawrence, Molly Grindley, Aylin Alemdar, Liam Brennan.
Front Row: Jenny Chetwynd, Jennifer Gray, Jennifer Digby, Joanne Coxon, Rushmi Malaviarachchi, Tara Waldman, Erika Wilson, Mark Henderson, Joseph Rosenberg.

Chess



Back Row: Greg Cummings, Mark McCallum, Andrew Jackson.
Front Row: Daniel Thompson, Michael Barker, Craig Burley.

Kazoo

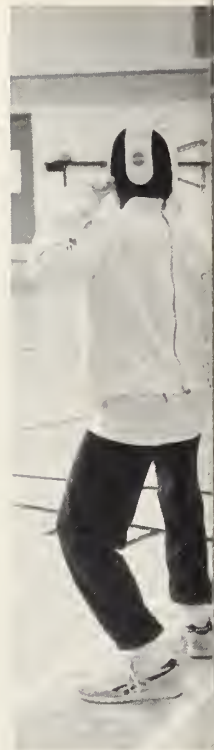
KAZOO is a thing of the past, or rather, it has passed into posterity. It has suffered the same fate as the Roots sweatshirt, sideburns, rumbleseats and Dick Nixon. Having been neatly killed off by the editors in the spring of this year, it is no more. Cheers.

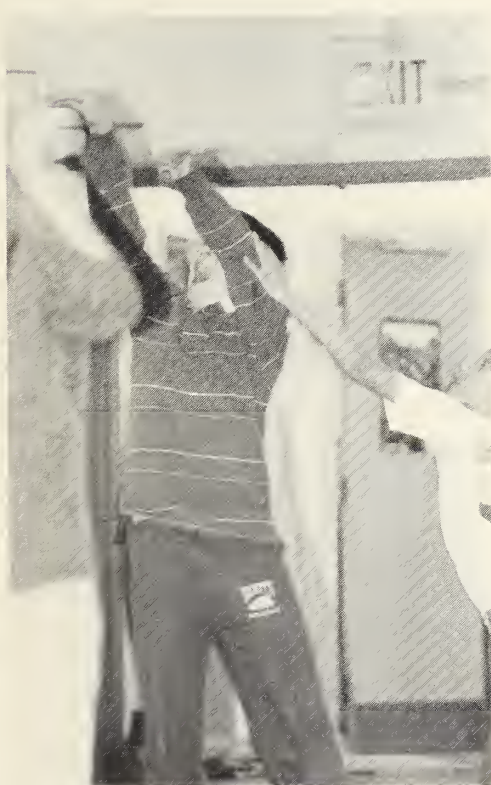
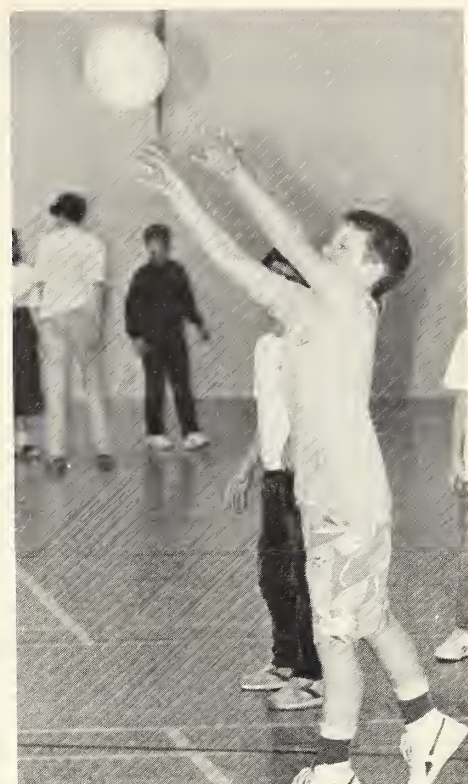
Eric Block
John Gould
Mike Stephens
Editors, HGSK



Back Row: Matthew Oland, Michael Kiang, Mark Wathen, Asim Wali.
Front Row: Mike Stephens, Rob Plowman, Eric Block, John Gould.

Sports





Sports Report

The HGS soccer season was highlighted by the Independent Schools' Soccer Tournament in Montreal where the Under-13 Boys' team achieved one of its most successful performances ever. Top stars were Matthew Thompson, David McFarlane and David Finlayson. In local competition, the Junior Boys' team (led by the strong play of goalkeeper Adrian Cameron and midfielder David McFarlane) performed well in the City Leagues despite relative inexperience. The Junior Girls also continued their competitive participation in the City Leagues; outstanding performers were Jane Gould, Ashton Horne and Amy Burns. The Senior Boys played very well as a team, reaching the district finals before losing a very close series to the Kings-Edgehill side.

It was encouraging to see the tremendous improvement through the season of the Junior Boys' Volleyball team, a young side composed completely of Grade 7 and Grade 8 students. Top performers were Warren Auld and Adrian Cameron. The Junior Girls' Team was very competitive and especially outstanding performances came from Jane Gould, Amy Block and Judy Halebsky. The Senior Girls' Volleyball team went as far as the Regional Tournament, while the Senior Boys' team saw promising performances by a number of its young players, including Mike Barker, Asim Wali and Daniel Thompson, all of whom we hope will continue their excellent play next year.

This year saw the establishment for the first time of school teams in the Mini and Bantam basketball leagues in the city. Our Mini team was very competitive, and our Bantam team was outstanding, losing only one game all season in taking the city and league titles, an accomplishment which allowed them to participate in the provincial championships. The Junior Boys' Basketball team, although inexperienced, showed much promise. Top players include Shane Nichols, David McFarlane, Arun Goomar and Warren Auld. The Senior Girls also improved greatly through the year and reached the regional championships; top performers included Jane Gould, Holly McCurdy, Al Davis and Carmen MacInnis. The entire Senior Boys' team can be credited with an excellent year as they placed second in both the Capital Regional League and in the regional championships, participated in the provincial championships, defeated the Triple A schools and won the Duncan MacMillan Tournament.

The elementary girls' cross-country running team competed in the sectional meet where they placed first overall and Emma Penick was second individually. The elementary boys' team was also very competitive, with Ata Erdogan the leader.

The sports scene within the school has also been a busy one. Students have enjoyed basketball and volleyball intramurals; and have taken advantage of the formation of a badminton club, a new score clock in the gymnasium and the acquisition of table tennis and floor hockey equipment.

Mr. John Evans

Senior Boys' Basketball



Back Row: Mike Stephens, Michael Barker, Bob Carter, Mark Wathen, Phil Collier.
Front Row: Matthew Oland, Victor Bigio, Danny Rees, Matthew O'Halloran.
Absent: Eric Block, Greg Cummings, Mishko Hansen, Jared Stern.

Senior Girls' Basketball



Back Row: Jen Trabert, Holly McCurdy, Sarah Newman, Kelly Murphy, Suzanne Godsoe.
Front Row: Tami Meretsky, Carmen MacInnis, Clare Roscoe, Jane Gould, Kim Babcock.
Absent: Al Davis.

Junior Boys' Basketball

Back Row: Brent MacDonald, Mathias Michalon, Michael McDougall, Chris Williams, Warren Auld, Shane Nichols.

Front Row: David McFarlane, David Finlayson, Arun Goomar, Joachim Steffen, Doug Penick, Matthew Thompson, Aaron Hurst.



Bantam Basketball

Back Row: Jennifer Hinnell, Harold Roscoe, Ata Erdogan, Andrew McFarlane, Brent MacDonald.

Middle Row: Matthew Thompson, Jeffrey Parker, Emma Penick.

Front Row: Josh Threadcraft, Joachim Steffen, Paul Murphy.

Absent: David McFarlane, Stephen Robertson.



Mini Basketball



Back Row: Martha Lawrence, Jennifer Franklin, Eriskay Liston, Colin MacDonald, Ames Dodds, Irene Zouros, Andrew McFarlane.

Front Row: William Landymore, Mete Erdogan, David Pink, Craig Silverman.

Absent: Andrew McFarlane, David Rapson, John Threadcraft.

Badminton



Back Row: Warren Auld, Lief Englund, Tom Sheridan, Troy Dolomont, Miles Sheridan, Aaron Dickson, David McFarlane.

Front Row: Jen Trabert, Lars Mitchell, Brent MacDonald, Doug Penick.

Absent: Jane Gould, Michael Kiang, Billy Said, Jane Sodero, Hugh Thompson.

Senior Boys' Volleyball

Back Row: Bob Carter, Jared Stern, Michael Barker, Kelsey Parker.

Front Row: George Nikolaou, Felix Batcup, Daniel Thompson.

Absent: Jean-Paul Bowers, Jonathan Cook, Jason Holt, Asim Wali.



Senior Girls' Volleyball

Back Row: Tami Meretsky, Carmen MacInnis, Clare Roscoe, Kim Babcock.

Front Row: Holly McCurdy, Sarah Newman, Suzanne Godsoe, Jane Soder, Kelly Murphy.

Absent: Al Davis, Andrea McCulloch.



Junior Boys' Volleyball



Back Row: Chris Williams, Brent MacDonald, Mathias Michalon, Michael McDougall, Adrian Cameron.

Front Row: Joachim Steffen, James Liston.

Absent: Warren Auld, Arun Goomar.

Junior Girls' Volleyball



Back Row: Susan Crocker, Amy Burns, Beth Chernin, Jane Gould, Amy Block.

Front Row: Judy Halebsky, Jennifer Silverman, Imogen Hall, Heather Rapson.

Absent: Jessica Andrews, Ashton Horne.

Senior Boys' Soccer

Back Row: Miles Sheridan, Jonathan Cook, Michael Stephens, Mishko Hansen, Jason Holt, George Nikolaou, Mr. Hinnell.

Middle Row: Andrew Barker, Jean-Paul Bewers, Matthew O'Halloran.

Front Row: Victor Bigio, Asim Wali, Daniel Thompson, Danny Rees, Al Davis, Jennifer Hinnell.



Junior Girls' Soccer

Back Row: Bessy Nikolaou, Laura Waters, Susan Crocker, Jennifer Silverman, Beth Pyesmany, Emily Crow.

Front Row: Heather Rapson, Imogen Hall, Judy Halebsky, Allison Cooper, Amy Burns, Jane Gould, Kirsten Flinn.

Absent: Ashton Horne.



Under 13 Soccer



Back Row: Andrew Barker, Brent MacDonald, Harold Roscoe, Lief Englund, Lars Mitchell, Graham Aldrich, Matthew Thompson.

Front Row: Andrew McFarlane, Colin MacDonald, Ata Erdogan, David Finlayson, Doug Penick, David McFarlane, John Caleb Threadcraft.

Absent: Paul Murphy.

Fencing



Back Row: Paul Simms, David Brooks, Shane Nichols, Jamie Stoltz, Andrew Sacamano, Matthew Brooks.

Front Row: Mrs. Scobbie, Brent MacDonald, William Landymore, Thomas Brooks, Colin MacDonald, Mr. Brian Bishop.

Absent: Arun Goomar, Andrew Jackson, Pathum Malavi, Rushmi Malavi, Chris Maxwell, Kevin Moore, Adrian Neumann, David Totten.

Our club has both expanded and become more advanced this year. We have added not only many promising young beginners but also another weapon category to the club. This has allowed us to practise all three types of fencing. Although we are still relatively inexperienced with the sabre and epee weapons, we have maintained high standards in foil. Our junior fencers have been doing very well in competitions such as the Fairview Junior Tournament and the Nova Scotia Novices. At the same time three of our more senior members brought home a large trophy from the Broadsword Challenge Team Tournament organized by the Sackville Cavaliers. This trophy was indeed a Broadsword, which, incidentally, was too large for the trophy case. Perhaps we could enlarge the case for the years to come when, hopefully, we might win it again.

Fencing inside the school is popular as well, and our club remains quite large. We are open to beginners at any time. Fencing is an excellent way to stay in shape, and can quickly tone up your muscles. Although it is an individual sport, the team spirit is always there, especially when you need it most: at tournaments. Our HGS fencing team always manages to enter at least several members at each tournament, and they have represented the school very well. This year, it was a pleasure to see Mr. Hinnell at the Lieutenant Governor's Challenge during the demonstration.

All our fencers at HGS, regardless of their varying degrees of experience, have improved a great deal. This constant improvement of our club is of course due to Mrs. Scobbie, our superb and dedicated coach, to whom we owe a great deal.

Your Faithful Team,
The HGS Fencing Club

Special Events

Halloween

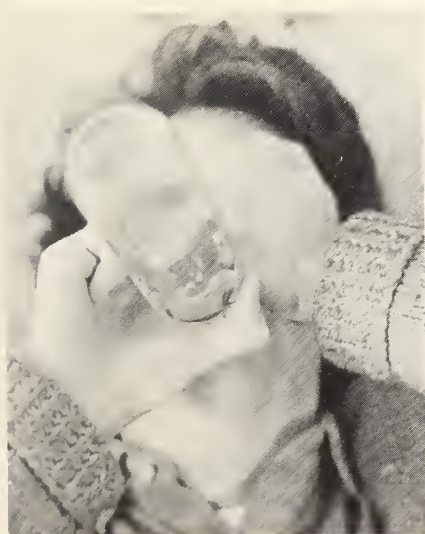


Pygmalion



Winter Carnival and Xmas





U5 French Exchange

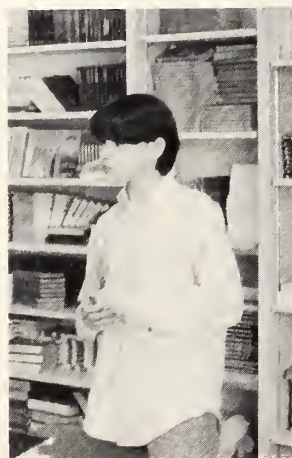


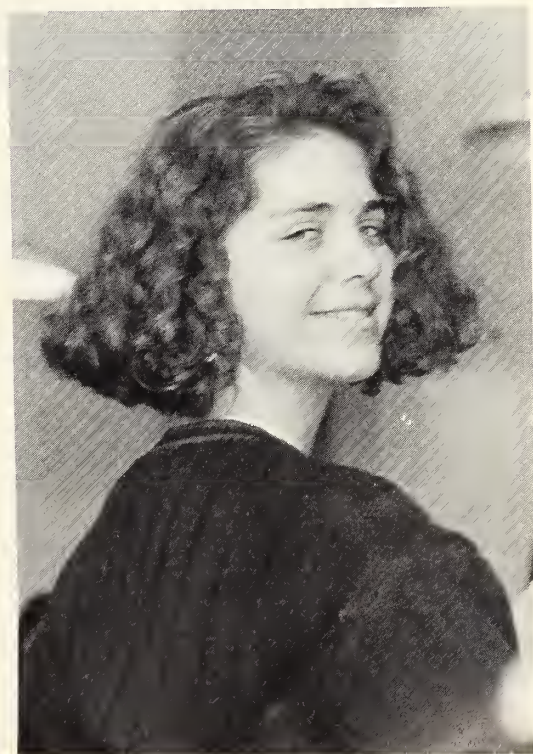
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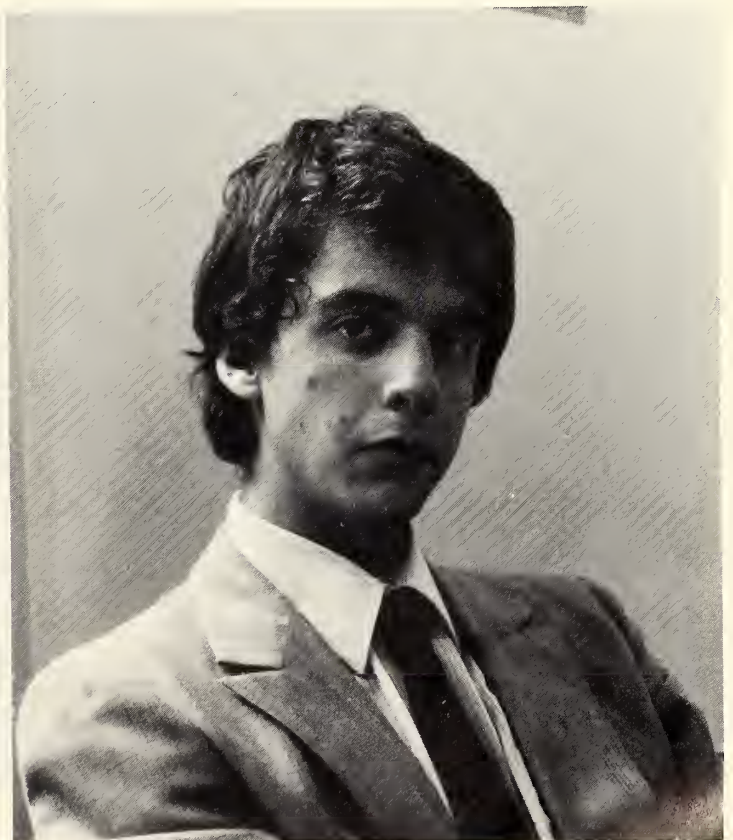
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